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THE BATTLE OF MAGERSFONTEIN: GORDONS COVERING THE RETREAT OF THE HIGHLAND BRIGADE.

From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. Fred. Villiers.



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

One peculiarity of this strange war is that we know so little of what is passing in the mind of the enemy. The Transvaal is almost as much cut off from Europe as if it were the Antarctic Circle. The enemy speaks with his guns; of other articulation there is virtually none. Commandant Cronje used to be moderately communicative to Lord Methuen; he has now withdrawn into morose silence. Joubert was a graceful letter-writer at the beginning of the campaign: where are his polite inquiries and condolences? At Mafeking the Boers have written a hostile review of Colonel Baden-Powell's Dutch. At first that cheered me; it looked like a mental operation, as distinguished from gunnery. I had a vision of an occasional armistice at Mafeking to let Baden-Powell improve his Dutch in the company of studious Field-Cornets. I thought of Mr. Gilbert's ballad, in which the Southron wooer confounds his rival in the affections of Ellen MacJones Aberdeen by playing on the bagpipes, and producing something "distinctly resembling an air." Why should not the defender of Mafeking abash the Field-Cornets, and enchant some Boer maiden, coyly listening in a wagon, with the originality of his Dutch idioms? Alas for this dream! The Boer is a hardy rifleman, but his native tongue knows not the purity that graces Amsterdam. It is a primitive *patois* with which his pastoral ancestors edited the Kaffirs. There can be no classes in Dutch to enliven dull mornings at Mafeking when the batteries are making holiday.

Mr. Winston Churchill caught an idea in the Transvaal, and brought it out to a curious world. He said there was a disposition in the "highest circles at Pretoria" to make peace if England would cede Natal, Kimberley, and a few more unconsidered trifles. Here we seemed to have a real illumination of the Boer mind; but another fugitive from the Transvaal reports that the cheerful confidence of the Boers has given place to "settled gloom." Gloom is not weakness; in this case it may mean no more than that Mr. Kruger, when he smokes a pipe with a friend, no longer talks about the birth of a Boer navy at Durban, and the launching of the first battle-ship, which would, no doubt, be christened "Oom Paul." Everybody knows that Mr. Kruger has always dreamed of a port and a navy. Once established at Durban, it would be as easy for him to order ships from European dockyards as it was to order guns from Krupp and Creusot. I don't know whether his historical reading embraces the exploits of the bold Dutch mariners of old, who sailed up the Medway and burnt Chatham. He may have heard of the legendary broom at Van Tromp's masthead, the broom that swept the Channel of the English. If only Mr. Kruger could be interviewed on the subject of brooms just now! Is he still willing to be friends if we give him Natal and so forth, or will he require us to construct spacious dockyards for him at Durban, and hand over H.M.S. *Cunepus* as a model? I say it would be interesting to have Mr. Kruger's views on these points; but what can be more unsatisfactory than war with a ruler who is as articulate as an oyster?

Some of Mr. Kruger's friends have hinted at a new grievance on his part. There is a "very bitter feeling" in the "highest circles" because of a statement that the house at Longwood, in the island of St. Helena, is being prepared for Mr. Kruger's reception. This shows that the Boer mind is not lacking in imagination; but why should the idea that we intend to provide for Mr. Kruger's declining years as we provided for those of Napoleon cause any bitterness? If I were a Boer, I should regard it as a stupendous compliment. What! It is supposed that we want to lodge Mr. Kruger at Longwood, as if he were the Corsican Ogre, of whom Thackeray, as a small boy, was told by his black servant at St. Helena that a whole sheep was eaten every day by this desperate prisoner! The Boer President is promoted by rumour to this proud distinction, and the "highest circles" at Pretoria are not flattered! Truly, the psychology of the Boer is the despair of the philosopher. "Cannon his name," says George Meredith of Napoleon. I don't think that, even with the obliging assistance of Krupp and Creusot, Mr. Kruger is entitled to that poetical eminence. If the end of this war should make the Transvaal climate unsuitable for his repose, I should suggest a larger in Richmond Park, where he could order his "biltong" from the Star and Garter, and exchange affable greetings with cyclists. The picture of him smoking his pipe of a summer evening in the stern of a Thames skiff, with Mr. Reitz at the sculls and Dr. Leyds playing a concertina in the bow, would soften the sternest bosom.

This war is a rude awakening for optimists who thought the world, or England, at any rate, was progressing comfortably towards the millennium. Within the last few years nothing has been more striking in our social development than the desire to discourage every symptom of the military spirit. I say nothing of the odium which clung to the private soldier. Mr. Kipling has gibbeted that sentiment in some bitter lines which, I think, have sunk into the public conscience. But in the minds of many amiable citizens, the love of peace found expression in constant hostility to

the bare suggestion of military training. I remember that a proposal to introduce drill into Board Schools was strongly denounced as an attempt to poison the minds of the young with the wicked spirit of Imperial aggression. Lord Meath offered to hang a Union Jack in every school-room as a reminder to the pupils of the glories of their fatherland. This idea was much resented. The Union Jack, it was urged, suggested some episodes in our history which no self-respecting school teacher could defend. How much better, therefore, not to show it to the children, who might ask embarrassing questions, and put the teacher to the blush!

There was never any danger that this curious spirit would become a national characteristic. The average Briton has lost nothing of his ancestral pugnacity; but, lapped in an atmosphere of seemingly perpetual peace, with here and there the flickering shadow of a small Asiatic war, he has thought little or nothing of certain contingencies which are now pressing upon him with armed insistence. For, despite all those happy assumptions that the millennium was hovering over our roof-trees, and that toy swords and guns should be banished from our nurseries as symbols of a bad old spirit that civilisation had finally exorcised, we are now fighting for the existence of the Empire. And it is dawning upon the thoughtful that the fortunate immunity of this island from universal military training may end with the nineteenth century, which has done so much for the arts of peace. The conscription, in the Continental sense, will never come; but we may see some wide application of the militia ballot, which will compel most of us to give more time to the shooting-range than to the golf-links. What do the moralists who hold it wrong to drill schoolboys think of the emergency which will so far recast our military system as to make the country a camp for the flower of British manhood? I am no alarmist, but I see no escape from the lesson which this war is teaching us every day.

Moralists of a certain class are never subdued. When the country has to suffer reverses for its utter lack of military readiness, they talk of a "day of humiliation." When it is put to them that we must prepare for any future strain on our resources by teaching our young men to shoot straight, they will reply that this is a callous hardening of the heart, and that we must train our statesmen to keep the country out of wars. The practical sense of Englishmen will not linger over this controversy. They have made their Navy the most formidable in the world, with the conviction that it is their chief bulwark. England has, therefore, no pretension to be a great military Power; but she is discovering now that she can no more hold South Africa with her ships than she can hold India, and that her Army is not adequate for its part in the defence of the Empire. We shall have to make sacrifices to cure this defect in our Imperial equipment. Only a bitter experience could have disclosed it. We might have gone on living in a fools' paradise until enlightenment had come to us in a far worse ordeal than we are undergoing now. Mr. Kruger would have preferred to attack us when we had trouble in Europe; and we might never have suspected till then that on the borders of Natal had grown up a most formidable threat to our dominion.

I suspect some correspondents of a mischievous desire to draw me on the subject of the old century and the new. A lady writes most innocently from Ipswich, which must be a very demure place, to tell me of her struggles with this problem. She has worked it out on a monetary basis, and found that a hundred pounds are not ninety-nine. But then comes the baby test which puts filthy lucre to shame. A baby born on Jan. 1, 1800, would be a hundred years old on Jan. 1, 1900; and with this triumphant demonstration my Ipswich friend clinches the argument. I might suggest that the nineteenth century does not adapt itself to this long-lived infant's birthday. But what would be the use? Fair Ipswich would be at me again with more logic in long clothes. Let me hide my humiliation by telling her a little anecdote. Two men had a dispute about this century question. "Do you mean to tell me," said one, "that if I owed you a hundred pounds and offered you ninety-nine in full settlement, you would take it?" "Like a shot!" said the other. Perhaps Ipswich will say this is cynical trifling; but I assure her that it is more significant of moral truth than the centenarian baby.

New Year's wishes have come to me from various kindly readers. There is one at Prague—the real Prague, not the capital of that pleasant land of vagabondage, where even the sober middle-aged may take a little entertainment now and then without harm. Another well-wisher writes from Ireland; and if this should catch her eye be it known to her that I am grovelling in abasement for having mislaid her letter. Most letters make me feel like the harassed man in Henry James's story, who at the very sight of unbroken seals in the morning's post, went off into a trance, and dreamt that he had shuffled the responsibility of reading letters on somebody else, and was living in a retreat unknown to the Post-Office. Need I say that it is not to avoid letters from Ireland that I sometimes long for that blessed seclusion!

## THE TRANSVAAL WAR REVIEWED.

BY A MILITARY CORRESPONDENT.

The arrival of Lord Roberts and Lord Kitchener at Cape Town was heralded by a reassuring despatch from Sir George White as to the severe fighting at Ladysmith last Saturday. It remains to be seen whether New Year's Day was really a turning-point in the history of the campaign, but it is certain that the public mind has since that date experienced on several separate occasions a sense of genuine gratification and renewed hopefulness as to a possibly early determination of the war. For it is conceded by the best experts that it only requires one or two really severe defeats to alter altogether the character of the Boer resistance, and the events of the past week have, on the whole, been such as to obscure, if not to obliterate, the memory of some previous mishaps.

To take the situation categorically, it was only possible last week to refer very cautiously to French's successes in the neighbourhood of Colesburg, and, indeed, even now the operation is by no means complete. On Jan. 1 French, following up the Boer retirement from Rensburg, near Arundel, effectively surprised the enemy at Colesburg, and, by enfilading their position, inflicted considerable loss on them. Fighting of a desultory sort lasted during the next two days, and on Jan. 4 the Boers made a counter-attack on French's left flank, which was vigorously repulsed, the Inniskilling Dragoons distinguishing themselves by a brilliant charge. On the morning of Jan. 6 an unfortunate incident occurred which greatly marred the brilliance of French's smart experiment in fighting the Boers with their own tactics. A half battalion of the Suffolks, having obtained permission to make a day-break attack upon one of the enemy's positions, was thrown into some confusion by an order to retire, which is said to have been given by the enemy, with the result that while three-quarters of the party retired, the remainder held their ground, and seven officers and over a hundred men were taken prisoners, besides a long list of killed and wounded, Lieutenant-Colonel A. J. Watson, Lieutenants F. A. P. Wilkins, S. J. Carey, and C. A. White being, unfortunately, among the former.

On the Modder River, Methuen's position has remained unchanged, but Colonel Pilcher's capture of a Boer laager at Sunnyside, near Belmont, has greatly lessened the risk of further attacks on the line of communications. Kimberley continues all well, but the condition of Mafeking must be most critical. News has arrived of a desperate sortie on the 26th ult., which was badly repulsed with a heavy loss to Baden-Powell's force, including three officers killed.

Following on the occupation of Dordrecht and the affair of Lieutenant Milford's isolation and subsequent relief by Captain Goldsworthy and Lieutenant de Montmorency, a sharp attack was made by the Boers upon a detached British camp between Molteno and Cyphergat. Reinforcements were sent promptly by General Gatacre, the Boers driven back, and Molteno itself, which had been reoccupied by the enemy, was threatened. The result of these movements has been the evacuation on our part of Dordrecht, and on that of the enemy of Molteno. But it is evident that General Gatacre is rather more than holding his own, and that the moment he can be properly reinforced, he will be able to make a strong diversion, and possibly even cross the southern border of the Free State at a very early date.

But, interesting as the above movements have been, they have naturally been subordinated to the happenings in Natal, where the situation has been a most anxious one, but is now happily, to some extent, relieved. So far as Sir Redvers Buller is concerned there has been no distinct forward movement reported up to the time of writing, although there are indications that something on a very large and comprehensive scale is about to be attempted almost immediately. Indeed, it may well have already taken place, so completely are we in the dark about the operations to the south of the Tugela. But the greatest possible caution is obviously essential, and the problem is, in any case, one of extreme difficulty. The Boer position between Ladysmith and Chieveley is said to be some twenty miles long, and to be most elaborately fortified and armed. Any turning movement must, of course, involve a very long and hazardous détour, while the likelihood of further frontal attacks is discounted by the fact that it is almost impossible to produce any serious effect against such a length of entrenchments, even with the hottest and heaviest artillery-fire. Concerted action between Buller and White seems the only chance, and in this direction let us hope that a coup will be accomplished before supplies at Ladysmith begin to run seriously low.

Evidently the Boers have been fearing something of this sort for the last week or two, for on Saturday they suddenly made a new departure, and attacked Ladysmith with singular vigour and persistence. Three times they rushed in upon the position at Caesar's Camp, to the south of the town, and on one occasion they came up so close to the British entrenchments that the Gordons and Manchesters were able to slay a number of them with their bayonets. In some cases our positions were actually lost and recaptured three times, and it was not until 7.30 p.m. on Saturday that the British troops were able to feel that they had won the day, and had finally repulsed the Boers at every point. The engagement was certainly a most notable one, and Sir George White may well feel proud of the magnificent behaviour of the troops under him in the face of such a tremendous and skilfully delivered attack. Unfortunately, during the engagement the sun was clouded, and communication between the garrison and the force under Buller was rendered impossible. But Buller did his best by sending all the troops available to demonstrate towards Colenso, and is doubtless now watching his opportunity to profit by White's brilliant and most welcome success.

The embarkation of the Seventh Division has been proceeding briskly, but a gloom has been cast over it by the death from influenza of Major-General Prior, commanding the 15th Brigade.



THE LARGEST FISH MARKET IN THE WORLD.      PAID at 3 and 8.





WITH THE KIMBERLEY RELIEF COLUMN AFTER THE BATTLE OF SPIONKOP: SUCCOURING THE REMNANT OF THE SCANDINAVIAN CONTINGENT IN THE CROWN AND ROYAL HOTEL, MODDER RIVER.

From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. Fred. Villiers.



THE TRANSVAAL WAR: TROOPS FOR THE FRONT.



*Photo. Gray, Leightonstone.*

SQUAD OF THE 1<sup>ST</sup> ESSEX ARTILLERY VOLUNTEERS AT THEIR QUARTERS AT STRATFORD PREVIOUS TO THEIR BEING SWORN-IN FOR SOUTH AFRICAN SERVICE AT GUILDHALL.



*Photo. Ivory.*

DETACHMENT OF THE LONDON SCOTTISH VOLUNTEERS SELECTED FOR SERVICE IN SOUTH AFRICA.



## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

### THE COLOURS OF THE ROYAL FUSILIERS.

On Saturday, Jan. 6, the colours of the 2nd Battalion of the Royal Fusiliers (City of London Regiment) were deposited at the Guildhall. The battalion is at present with General Clerly's division in Natal, but a representative escort of forty men attended at the ceremony. Under the command of Captain Lawford, the detachment travelled from Hounslow to the Mansion House Station, whence, headed by the full band, they proceeded to the Guildhall, being loudly cheered along the route. The Lord Mayor was accompanied by the Lady Mayoress, the Sheriffs, and many City dignitaries. Colonel Guyon handed the colours to his Lordship, thanking him for the honour he had done the battalion in receiving them. The Lord Mayor, in reply, expressed the pleasure he had in accepting the trust on behalf of the Corporation, and his assurance that the achievements of the battalion would bring it further glory in the foreign field. The colours were saluted, and the ceremony was brought to a close with the National Anthem.

### ENROLMENT OF VOLUNTEERS.

There was a further enrolment of the Volunteers of the City of London Imperial Corps at the Guildhall on Thursday, Jan. 4. Large crowds watched the arrival of the detachments, and for a time the traffic in King Street and Cheapside was stopped. The first detachment to arrive was the 4th Middlesex, and the men of the 15th and 18th Middlesex shortly afterwards. Various regiments then appeared in quick succession, and about nine hundred men in all were enrolled. The London Scottish, headed by their pipers, attracted a great deal of attention. The Lord Mayor delivered a short speech to the Volunteers, and then proceeded with the ceremony of swearing-in, in which he was assisted by the Sheriffs and a large number of distinguished City men. Yesterday each member of the corps received the Freedom of the City.

### MAYOR OF SOUTHAMPTON'S AMBULANCE.

A Volunteer Ambulance Corps has been raised by the Mayor of Southampton, and sailed on Jan. 3, on board

the *Kildonan Castle*, for service in the field. The corps is under the charge of Dr. R. E. Lauder, of Southampton, and with him is associated Dr. Purvis, a surgeon with a large practice in the South of England. Both the medical men and all the members of the corps are giving their services gratuitously, at considerable self-sacrifice. The necessary funds for the equipment were raised by the Mayor, who, together with Sir Donald Currie and Mr. William Garton, of Southampton, contributed handsomely

At one time she had sole charge of Kenmare Infirmary. Her hospital experience extends over four years. Nurse Mary Anna Davis, of Waterford, has had nearly six years' service, during which she has been nurse in the Cork Street Fever Hospital, Dublin, the Roscrea Infirmary, Charlemont Street Hospital, and the City of Dublin Hospital, in the last of which she was trained as a probationer. Nurse Rosa Lawless, of Dublin, has six years' experience to her credit. At one time she had sole charge of Castlebar Fever Hospital during an outbreak of typhus. She also served in Lisburn Fever Hospital and in Mespil Hospital.

### OTHER

#### WAR PICTURES.

Besides the war pictures already mentioned, we include in the present number a scene showing the advance guard of the Imperial Corps of Guides, which have become famous during the recent campaign as "Rimington's Tigers," posted at Fincham's Farm. The sketch was made on Nov. 22. We also show a scene on the Mooi River, where artillery has just been removed from the train. The little town of Cradock is portrayed in another illustration in a warlike guise, the camp of the Grahamstown Volunteers occupying the foreground of the picture. Beneath this we give a detailed group of the non-commissioned officers of the same corps, who appear a set of first-rate fighting-men. Cradock is in Cape Colony, on the railway leading to De Aar. It has a salt-pan and a sulphur spring. From De Aar come pictures of the Engineers boarding an armoured train previous to a reconnaissance, and various scenes of camp life at De Aar and Orange River. Contingents of interest at the moment are the 22nd Middlesex Rifle Volunteers, of which the machine-gun detachment is shown, and the squad of the 1st Essex Artillery Volunteers, who sail on Jan. 13.

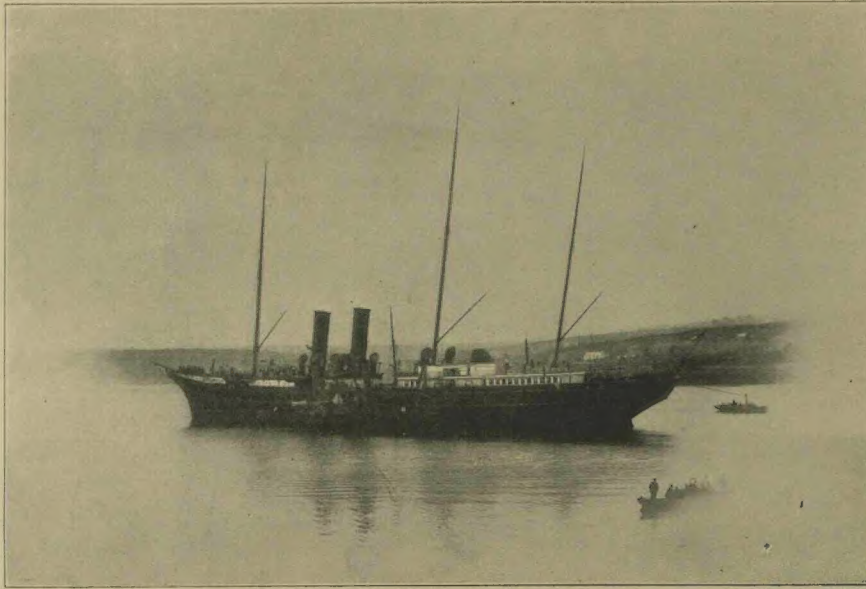


Photo Allen, Pembroke.

THE NEW ROYAL YACHT, "VICTORIA AND ALBERT," IN DOCK AT PEMBROKE.

to the cost. The movement was enthusiastically taken up, and more Volunteers applied for enrolment than the number authorised by the War Office.

### IRISH NURSES FOR SOUTH AFRICA.

We publish this week the portraits of four Irish nurses who left at the end of December for hospital work in South Africa. These ladies have fully satisfied the severest tests, and have been selected with the most rigorous care. None were chosen who did not hold the full certificate of qualification of articulated nurses. Nurse Mary Talbot, of West Meath, was trained in the South Infirmary, Cork, the City of Dublin Hospital, and other institutions. She has been constantly engaged in nursing for the past eight years. Nurse Sarah J. Callwell was trained as probationer in the City of Dublin Hospital, and served as a nurse in various institutions in Ireland.

### THE NEW ROYAL YACHT.

The new royal yacht *Victoria and Albert*, which has been lying at Pembroke, now proceeds to Devonport, where she will be docked for survey and prepared for commission. When the vessel heeled over recently, the worst damage she sustained was to one part of the side, where a 6-in. frame is said to have been completely sheared through. The repairs are so far completed that the water-tight compartments which jammed can now be closed.

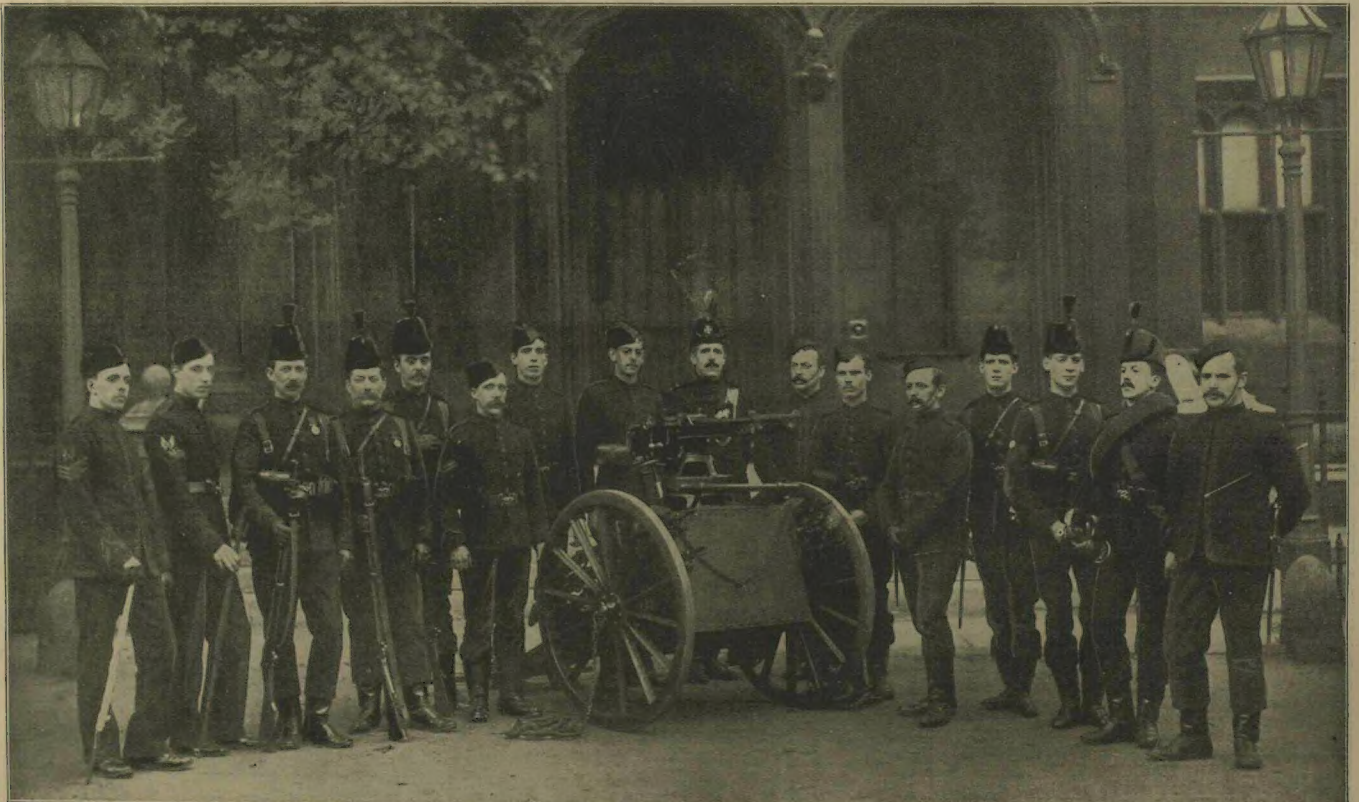


Photo. Elliott and Fry.

MACHINE-GUN DETACHMENT OF THE 22ND MIDDLESEX RIFLE VOLUNTEERS.



## PERSONAL.

President Steyn informs the Orange Free Staters that the British have persecuted them for a whole century. Little more than twenty years ago the Free State petitioned to be taken back into the British Empire, and his prayer was declined. Perhaps this is what President Steyn means by persecution. However, he will not be troubled on that score much longer.

M. Déroulède has been sentenced to ten years' banishment, and the Senate has benevolently cancelled the sentence of two years' imprisonment for M. Déroulède's insults to the tribunal. The interesting exile was conducted to the Belgian frontier, but it is understood that he will spend some time in Spain. It might be worth his while to live a few years in England, and study our institutions; but M. Rochefort learned nothing from his five years' stay in London, and M. Déroulède is just as unteachable.

Sir William Thomson, ex-President of the College of Surgeons in Ireland, will leave that country this month



Photo, Elliott and Fry.  
SIR WILLIAM THOMSON.

to take up an appointment to hospital work in South Africa. Sir William was born of Scottish parents in 1843, and he married twenty-two years ago a daughter of Mr. Abraham Stoker, chief clerk of the Chief Secretary's office at Dublin Castle. He has been Examiner on Surgery in Queen's University and the Royal College of Surgeons, Ireland; Surgeon-in-Ordinary to the Viceroy; member of the Senate of the Royal University, Ireland; and direct representative for Ireland on the General Medical Council. Sir William is the author of a treatise on "The Ligature of Arteria Innominata," and has made numerous learned communications to medical journals.

The Czar is understood to have given a personal pledge to the British Ambassador at St. Petersburg that Russia will not seek to turn the present difficulties of England to advantage. This seems to have annoyed somebody in Russia, for we have a story of the "experiment" by the Russian War Office in sending troops from the Caucasus to Kushk. If an army corps were moved in that direction, it could not be regarded by the Indian Government with equanimity. There are Russian tales, too, about the disquiet in Afghanistan, and the supposed death of the Ameer. The Ameer is perfectly well, and there is no disquiet anywhere except in discontented military circles in Russia.

The death of Mr. Francis Schnadhorst, the founder of the National Liberal Federation, is announced as having taken place at The Priory, Rochester, after an incapacitating mental ailment of six years' duration. From 1870 till 1886 Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Schnadhorst were in close co-operation, and Birmingham was, in the case of both men alike, the scene of those successful experiments in tactics which were to be tried afterwards on a national scale. Political organisation was Mr. Schnadhorst's special talent, and though it



Photo, Cassell.  
THE LATE MR. FRANCIS SCHNADHORST.

could not, of course, prevail over strong waves of hostile public opinion, it could and did make the most of favourable winds and tides. So that when, in 1887, a presentation of £10,000 was made to Mr. Schnadhorst, Mr. Bright paid a tribute to his "many services to the Liberal Party," and Mr. Gladstone spoke of his super-eminent "capacity" for the business he had in hand. After that date, the division in the Liberal Party placed the organiser-in-chief in opposition to many of those who had been his best friends; the word "caucus" became a very frequent and a very angry one in current politics; and he was probably thankful that he had not himself entered Parliament when seats in Birmingham and elsewhere had been at his disposal. In 1890, when the Gladstonian party in Newcastle asked him to be their representative, he again declined. In 1893 his retirement through ill-health drew from Lord Rosebery a final expression of "our sense of what we owe to him." He was just sixty years of age when he died.

M. Jules Guérin, the hero of Fort Chabrol, is to spend ten years in a French fortress. He has already provided himself with sufficient stationery for writing a history of Anti-Semitism. We might hope that before this work is completed, the movement it celebrates will be extinguished by the practical sense of the French people. But it is not wise to count on that.

The Rev. John Rudge Wilson, parish minister of Wilton, who has volunteered for service at the front as "chaplain" to the detachment of Rifle Volunteers about to sail for South Africa, is an enthusiastic supporter of the "Boys' Brigade."

He is "captain" and "chaplain" to the company belonging to his own parish. He is the foremost preacher on the Border, and his living is the second in Scotland in point of remuneration. This magnanimous offer on the part of the young parish minister has created no little interest on the Border, where the talented divine is very popular.



Artistic Photo. Co., Ipswich.  
THE REV. J. R. WILSON,  
Who has Volunteered for the Front.

The Princess of Wales is known to take great interest in the Royal Amateur Society's Art Exhibition, to which her Royal Highness, as President, contributes some of her own graceful drawings. This year's exhibition takes place towards the end of March, and the honorary secretary, the Hon. Mrs. C. Eliot, of 8, Onslow Gardens, announces that half the proceeds are to be given to Lady Lansdowne's Officers' Families Fund, and the remainder to be divided between the Parochial Mission Women Fund and the East London Nursing Association. The Loan Annex, under the management of the Dowager Lady Newton, will comprise old miniatures on ivory, with a few specimens of Pinchbeck, and a collection of photographs by members of the Photographic Salon.

The Rev. J. Robertson, Chaplain to the Highland Brigade, is a man on whom devolved an onerous and a grievous duty after the battle of Magersfontein. On the day after the fight, Mr. Robertson rode down to the Boer trenches, bearing a Red-Cross flag, and was most courteously received by General Cronje, who offered him the services of fifty burghers to remove the wounded and to assist in the burial of the British dead. Already, early in the morning, the Boers had given water to the wounded, who were consumed with thirst. In



Photo John-ton, Banbury.  
THE REV. J. ROBERTSON.

two days Mr. Robertson buried eighty-one men on that battlefield and seventy-one at the Modder River. Mr. Robertson took part in the route-march of the Gordons through Aberdeenshire last autumn. He served in the Egyptian Campaign of 1885-86, for which he holds the medal and the Khedivial Star. In that campaign he was present at the battle of Ginniss.

Lord De la Warr, correspondent of the *Globe* with Lord Methuen, states that when General Wauchope fell, his last words were, "For God's sake, men, don't blame me for this!" The advance of the Highland Brigade at Magersfontein is further declared by Lord De la Warr to have been made against General Wauchope's wishes. The result was that the Brigade fell into a disastrous trap. A heavy responsibility lies on someone.

Colonel Lloyd, D.S.O., who is taking out to the war the West Riding Regiment, is the wearer of a wonderful array of medals, won in many campaigns—indeed, he is one of the most decorated men in the Army. He took part in the Jowaki Expedition of 1877, in the Afghan Campaign of 1878-79, in the Nile Expedition of 1884-85, being mentioned in despatches for his services in the last-named war, and receiving the brevet rank of Major. In the Sudan Campaign of 1885-89 he distinguished himself at Ginniss, Sarrass, Gamaizah, and Toski, being mentioned four times in despatches and winning the Distinguished Service Order. In 1886 he won the third class of the Medjidieh with clasp, and in the Dongola Campaign of 1896 he was Governor of the



Photo, Knight.  
COLONEL LLOYD, D.S.O.

Snakin District, was mentioned in despatches, and was promoted Lieutenant-Colonel.

Canon Scott Holland has some queer ideas of patriotic counsel. He has thought it necessary to preach a sermon from the text: "The kingdom shall be taken from you," and to compare his country to Babylon and his countrymen to Nebuchadnezzar, who was dispossessed and condemned to eat grass. It is impossible to see what qualification Canon Scott Holland has for visiting this or any penalty on his country, or for assuming that he is a prophet of Divine tribulation.

Madame Sarah Bernhardt has been in conflict with the Bordeaux police. She takes a pet dog in her carriage on railway journeys. Hitherto this breach of the regulations has been connived at, but a commissary of police at Bordeaux insisted on the observance of the law even by a great tragic actress. The incident has caused some amusement in Paris, but it is not expected that Madame Bernhardt will be tried before the Senate, and have her poodle sentenced to ten years' banishment.

Another surgeon of celebrity who goes to the front is Dr. W. Watson Cheyne, M.B., F.R.C.S., F.R.S., Professor of Surgery at King's College, London. He was educated at Edinburgh University, and has been Hunterian Professor to the Royal College of Surgeons of England. His books include "Antiseptic Surgery: its Practice, History, and Results," and a title that is only too appropriate to the hour—"A Manual of the Antiseptic Treatment of Wounds."

He is an expert in bones and joints; he is, moreover, a man of particularly sympathetic temperament, and the only thing to be said against his going out is that it leaves a gap in the medical life of London that nobody else can hope to fill. Still, it is the moment of sacrifice, and nothing but gratification can be felt at the way in which our best men are placing their services at their country's disposal.

With reference to our notice of Lord Kitchener which appeared in a recent issue, Mrs. F. H. Chevallier writes us from Aspell Hall, pointing out that by a slip the interesting family seat (from which Lord Kitchener derives his second title) was given as in Sussex and not in Suffolk, as, of course, the text should have run. "As owner of the old family house," writes Mrs. Chevallier, "in which Lord Kitchener's mother was born, we feel aggrieved at the error. My apology for writing must be that we have bound volumes of *The Illustrated London News* dating from 1854 in the house."

The most distinguished aeronaut in England has passed away in the person of Mr. Henry Coxwell. Mr. Coxwell

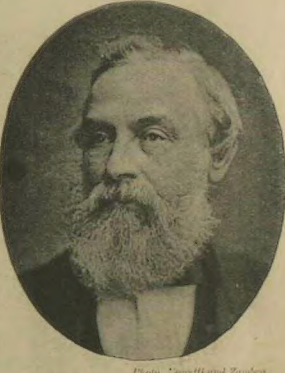
was originally a dentist by profession, but aerial navigation had such a strong attraction for him that he had made fifty ascents before he abandoned dentistry and took up ballooning as a regular business. It is nearly fifty-six years since Mr. Coxwell made his first ascent from the White Conduit Gardens at Pentonville. Six years later he had a narrow escape. He had gone up with Albert Smith from Vauxhall to discharge sixty pounds' weight of fireworks for the delight of the crowd below. The loss of the fireworks lightened the balloon, which ascended into the rarefied air and burst from the outward pressure of its own gas. The balloon fell like a stone. They would all have been killed had not Mr. Coxwell released the neck of the balloon, which flew up and acted like a parachute, so that they came down in Belgrave Road with a bump, but with no serious injury.

It was his experience on that occasion that determined Mr. Coxwell to captain his own balloons in future. With his famous balloon, "The Sylph," he toured England, Belgium, Prussia, Hanover, Moravia, and Austria. On one occasion the balloon was riddled with bullets because the aeronauts were taken for Danish spies. In 1851 Mr. Coxwell returned to England, and made thousands of ascents all over the country till his last appearance on June 18, 1885, the anniversary of Waterloo. In 1862 Mr. Coxwell and Mr. Glaisher, acting for the British Association, ascended from Wolverhampton to make meteorological observations. They reached an altitude of 37,000 ft., or over seven miles, the greatest height ever reached by a balloon. Mr. Glaisher became insensible, and Coxwell's hands were frostbitten, but he caught the valve-rope in his teeth, tugged hard, and by releasing some gas, thus brought the balloon to earth.

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Photo, Corwood.  
DR. W. WATSON CHEYNE,  
Consulting Surgeon for South African Service.



Photo, Egmont and Zandee.  
THE LATE MR. H. COXWELL.

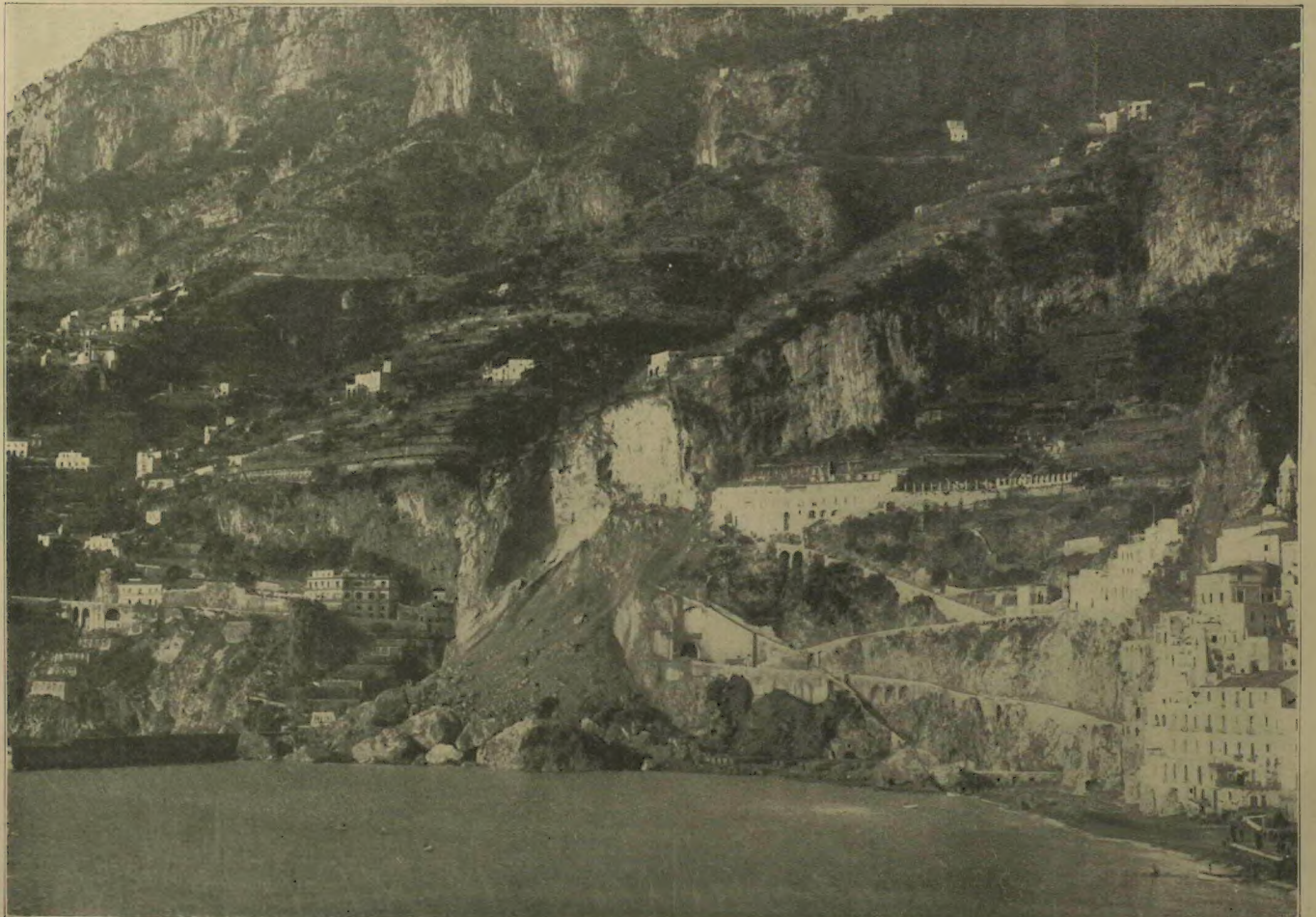




THE BURIAL OF GENERAL WAUCHOPE AND LIEUTENANT-COLONEL GOFF, ARGYLL AND SUTHERLAND HIGHLANDERS, ON THE FIELD OF MAGERSFONTEIN.

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. FRED. VILLIERS.

Officers of all regiments attended, few of them carrying arms. The General fell close to the lowest spur of the hill which appears in the background.



Where the cliff gave way.

AMALFI AFTER THE LANDSLIP.

Photo. Savatano, Naples.



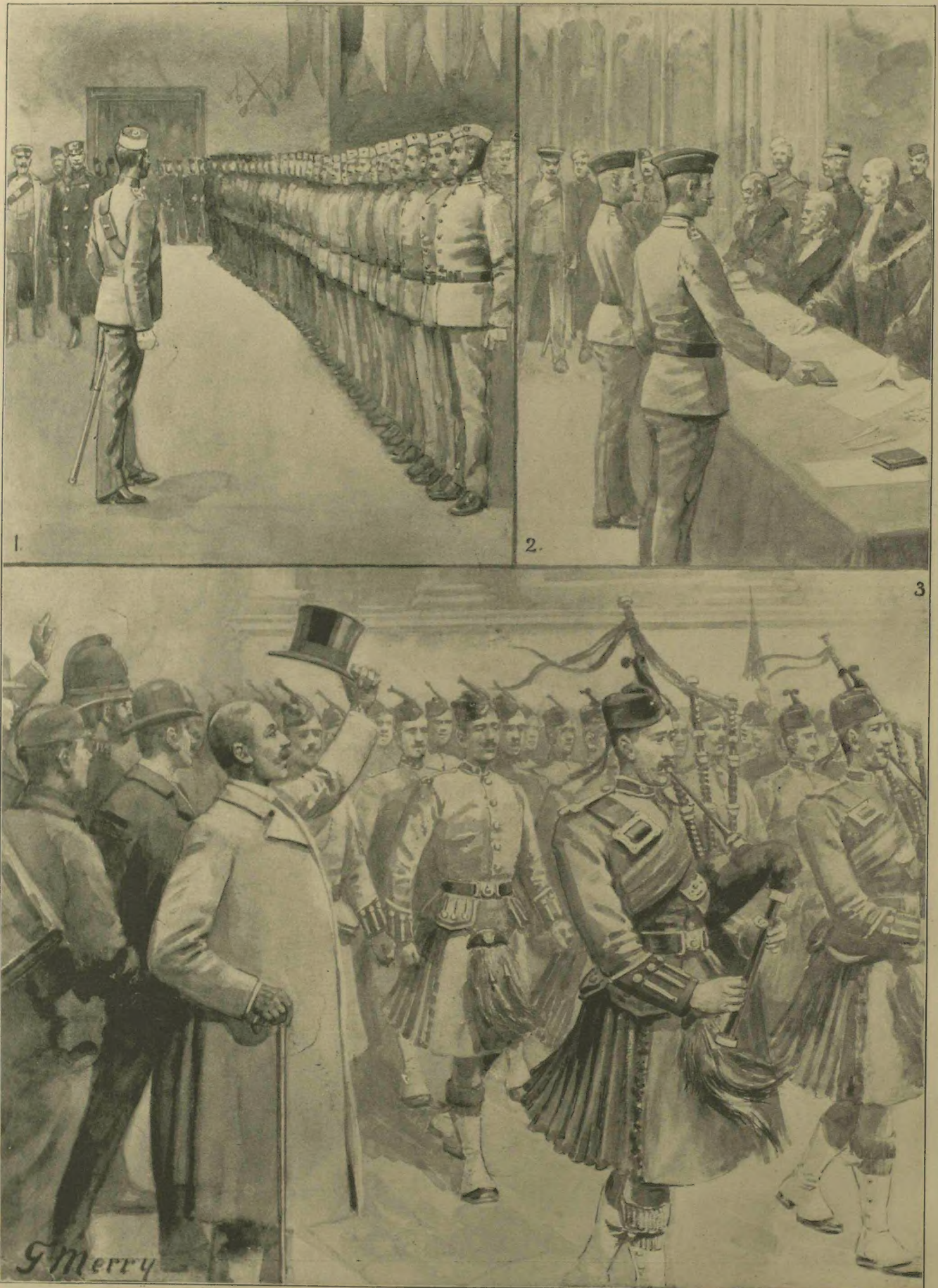
THE TRANSVAAL WAR: TROOPS FOR THE FRONT.



DEPOSITING THE COLOURS OF THE 25th ROYAL FUSILIERS AT GUILDHALL UNTIL THEIR RETURN FROM SOUTH AFRICA.



THE TRANSVAAL WAR: TROOPS FOR THE FRONT.



1. Making up Companies, at the Drill-Hall of the Queen's Westminster Volunteers (Men of the "Artists").

2. The Enrolment before the Lord Mayor at Guildhall (Men of the "Civil Service").

3. Detachment of the London Scottish on their Way to the Guildhall.



## THE TRANSVAAL WAR: THE SIEGE OF LADYSMITH.



## HOW LONG TOM'S SHELL DISTURBED THE MIDDIES' SUCKING-PIG.

FROM A SKETCH DESPATCHED FROM LADYSMITH, BEFORE HIS CAPTURE, BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT, MR. G. L. L.

A couple of days ago a 27-inch shell thrown by Long Tom, the Boer 94-pounder on Dipsworth's Hill, burst just behind the Nova Battery. The shell burst under the middle, throwing it high in the air, and the pig was blown out. He came to the ground squealing terribly, and was so badly injured that he died. — EXTRACT FROM MR. LAMON'S LETTER.



## BURSTING OF THE SHELL THAT PASSED THROUGH THE ROYAL HOTEL, LADYSMITH, AND KILLED DR. STARK.

FROM A SKETCH DESPATCHED FROM LADYSMITH, BEFORE HIS CAPTURE, BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT, MR. GEORGE LYMAN.

The shell came through the Royal Hotel when correspondents and officers were at dinner. It entered by the roof and passed out by the front door, where it burst, taking off the legs of Dr. Stark, the naturalist, who died two hours later. Three others were wounded. — EXTRACT FROM MR. LAMON'S LETTER.

Dr. Stark.



THE TRANSVAAL WAR: SCENES AT THE FRONT.



THE ADVANCE GUARD OF IMPERIAL CORPS OF GUIDES, OR "RIMINGTON'S TIGERS," AT FINCHAM'S FARM, NOVEMBER 22.



ON THE MOOI RIVER: ARTILLERY WHICH HAS BEEN "OFF-LOADED" AT THE STATION ABOUT TO START TO TAKE UP POSITION.

*From a Sketch by H. Lee.*



THE TRANSVAAL WAR: SCENES AT NAAUWPOORT AND ARUNDEL.



MANNING THE BREASTWORK AT NAAUWPOORT CAMP.



ARUNDEL CAMP, STRUCK ON DECEMBER 10.



GENERAL FRENCH AT  
NAAUWPOORT.

Four of our Illustrations represent incidents occurring at Naaupoort Camp, while it was made the base of gallant operations by General French and his force, one thousand strong, till Dec. 7, when the move was made to Arundel and Colesberg. Two days before that start was made a cloud of dust coming from the direction of Colesberg was visible to the ever-vigilant watchers in the camp. The alarm was raised, and in almost the twinkling of an eye, though not too quickly for the camera, tents were struck and men were falling in. The Cape Artillery and the Royal Engineers were seen to be astir, and men were caught in the act of marching to the breastwork. A section of the breastwork round the camp, as well as a redoubt in the camp itself, will give some idea of the preparations made by the General to protect his men. The camp pumping-station is also seen in such a state of defence as the circumstances would permit. An anxious time had the sentry who was put in charge of that well of precious water, for which the earth has required to be bored for forty feet. The difficulties of the situation, sometimes increased by a false alarm after many such as this proved to be, were not lessened by the constant wariness imposed on our men by the presence all about of Dutch farmers. The advance to Arundel, which consists of a station and two farm buildings, was made first by train, and then, for five miles, on foot. The Colt automatic machine-gun (shown in the same series of Illustrations, but appearing on another page) took up a forward position within range of the enemy, and the Field Telegraphic Detachment kept the wires open in the rear of the advancing column. A blown-up bridge, which had to be repaired, was the



Photo. Knight.  
MAJOR-GENERAL SIR H. CHERMIDE  
(On Special Service).



Photo. Knight.  
MAJOR-GENERAL C. E. KNOX  
(Commanding 12th Brigade).



Photo. Gregory.  
COLONEL CALLEY  
(Commanding Second Detachment of Guards).



Photo. Gregory.  
MAJOR NICHOLLS  
(Commanding 15th Battery, Siege Train).



Photo. Gregory.  
COLONEL PORTER  
(Commanding 6th Dragoon Guards, Carabiniers).

## PROMINENT OFFICERS ON ACTIVE SERVICE.

PROMINENT OFFICERS AT  
THE FRONT.

The inevitable effect of the war is to make the English soldier and the English civilian better acquainted. Military details are now the familiar topic of the civilian; and Army men, high in rank and in the estimation of the profession, but hitherto little known to the outside public, have become during the last few weeks as household words. Major-General Sir Herbert Chermide left England for the front under circumstances more than ordinarily inviting to sentiment; for his journey to South Africa was a sort of prolongation of his honeymoon. Lady Chermide, who the other day was Miss Geraldine Webb, of Newstead Abbey, Lord Byron's old residence, has gone to South Africa with her husband.

Major-General Charles E. Knox—whose rank of Major-General is a local one—has the command of the 12th Brigade of Lieutenant-General Kelly-Kenny's Division. He was born fifty-four years ago; he served in the Bechuanaland Expedition of 1884; and took the command of the 32nd Regimental District in 1895.

Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas Cole Porter, commanding the 6th Dragoon Guards since 1895, was born in 1852, and saw service in the Afghan Campaign of 1879. He has added to his record by the deeds of daring under General French.

Major Nicholls, commanding the 15th Battery of the Royal Garrison Artillery, and Colonel Thomas C. Pleydell Calley, commanding the second detachment of Guards, are officers of whom something stirring is likely to be heard. Colonel Calley, who was born in 1856, saw service in the Egyptian Campaign of 1882.



THE CAMP AT ORANGE RIVER.



THE CAMP AT DE AAR.



ROYAL ENGINEERS GUARDING A FORT.



THE CAMP AT NAAUWPOORT.

## SCENES ON THE WESTERN LINE OF COMMUNICATIONS.

Photographs by E. Peters, Cape Town.



# THE TRANSVAAL WAR: SCENES AT THE SEAT OF OPERATIONS.

*Photographs by C. B. Muckenzie, Cradock, Cape Colony.*



THE CAMP OF THE GRAHAMSTOWN 1ST CITY VOLUNTEERS AT CRADOCK.



"OFF DUTY": A GROUP OF NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE 1ST CITY VOLUNTEERS AT CRADOCK.

neg





THE TRANSVAAL WAR: JACKETS SAVING THEIR GUN.



## THE HUMOURS OF HIGH TREASON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

Half an hour after the curtain had fallen upon the first production of "Guillaume Tell," Rossini made his appearance in the drawing-room of Jouy, the principal librettist. "Well?" asked the guests, as if with one breath; "well, what do you think of it?"—"C'est un fiasco d'estime," was the answer. Those who are responsible for the State Trial at the Luxembourg may without exaggeration say the same. It is a tame and unromantic ending to an intended drama which, however, long before its *dénouement* had been turned into farce. The romanticists, the lovers of sensation and colour, may well aver that the Third Republic lacks in the elements of the picturesque. I do not exactly know what they expected, but they certainly expected something different from the actual result.

Perhaps they reckoned upon Paul Déroulède, Buffet, and Guérin being beheaded and their heads being stuck on the Tour St. Jacques, the Arc de Triomphe, the Porte St. Denis, or the Porte St. Martin, just as in years gone by the heads of traitors (?) were stuck on Temple Bar. It could not be. There were several obstacles to such a dramatic ending. In the first place, there is at the present moment no convenient site in the capital whereon to erect a scaffold on which to execute the culprits. The heavy rains, in addition to the works for the transformation of underground as well as above-ground Paris, in view of the forthcoming Exhibition, have made quagmires of most of the public squares and open places. The Place de la République, the Place de la Concorde, and the Place de Grève are literally morasses, and to have performed such an interesting ceremony on the Place de la Roquette would have been inconsistent with the dignity to be observed towards criminals of the standing claimed by the grandson of Pigault-Lebrun, the son and heir of one of the most famous Presidents of the Chamber and the inventor of the greatest "Punch and Judy Show" the Third Republic has seen.

Secondly, the heads, if stuck on one of the aforementioned monuments, could not have been seen from below by reason of the altitude of the improvised pedestals. Nor could one conceive either M. Loubet or M. Waldeck-Rousseau proceeding up or down the Seine in a barge—a State barge, of course, in search of an appropriate spot for such an execution, and towing a second barge containing Déroulède, Buffet, and Guérin, with M. Deibler, jun., by their side, just as Richelieu proceeded up the Rhone with Cinq-Mars and de Thou in his wake. All this had to be considered; consequently, at the risk of being voted prosaic, the Senate, constituted as a High Court, sentenced Déroulède and Buffet each to a decade of banishment, and Guérin to spend the same number of years in a fortified place. In reality, this is paying the latter in his own coin by virtually saying to him, "Tu souffriras par où tu as pêché." Belle-Ile-en-Mer or Thouars, to one of which fortresses it was intended to transport Guérin, would have proved a little more irksome than Fort Chabrol, with its manna, in the shape of bread and boxes of sardines, literally dropping from the skies. As it is, Guérin will not be subjected to the ordeal. At the time of writing he has been transferred from the Luxembourg to the Santé Prison, and it has been decided that he shall purge his sentence at Clairvaux under the lenient régime accorded to political prisoners.

I do not suppose that, infatuated mountebank though he be, Guérin expected for a moment to be rescued by the Nationalists on his way from the Luxembourg to the prison of La Santé; but the cruellest blow in the shape of indifference has been dealt by the avowed supporters respectively of Déroulède and Buffet. On Friday morning early, when they departed to their exile, there were not half-a-dozen Royalists and Plebeian Republicans to bid them goodspeed. In extenuation of this indifference, it has been said that the Government prevented a more or less formidable gathering by chartering a special train. The excuse is a lame one, for how did the few that were there get wind of the Government's intention? Frankly, the former President of the League of Patriots, if not the agent of that very shallow Pretender, the Duc d'Orléans, deserved a better send-off, for, utterly unpractical as he is, Déroulède is in earnest and absolutely honest. He cannot help his histrionic propensities, in spite of which he is a real hero all the same. I feel convinced of his willingness to give his life's blood for the cause he advocates, just as he risked it for his country nearly thirty years ago when France stood in the direst need of her bravest sons. To him exile must indeed be a bitter trial.

As for the Duc d'Orléans's agent, I would say as little as possible about him and his chief. M. Buffet is the son of one of the ablest but at the same time one of the most cantankerous Presidents that ever filled the chair of the Chamber of Deputies, and he has neither the ability nor the cantankerousness of his sire. He is as thorough a mediocrity as the Prince for whom he acts, and both are trading upon their names. I impeach no man's courage; but one thing is certain. The d'Orléans Princes have not been willing to clear their way to the throne Louis Philippe usurped either by cutting a ditch to it and filling it with their own and their supporters' blood, or by paving a bridge of gold to that throne. The late Emperor Napoleon III. risked his all-in-all twice; the third time he succeeded. That is why the name of Napoleon is still calculated to inspire rank terror and deadly hatred in the Republicans' breasts. No such fear exists with regard to the d'Orléans. They are neither formidable foes nor staunch friends. Their exile has not even taught the younger branches to be commonly courteous to the nation whose hospitality they and their fathers and their uncles have enjoyed almost uninterceptedly for more than half a century. The French are never particularly friendly to us, but during the periods of rest between their recurrent fits of Anglophobia, the sober ones reflect upon this "independence of the heart," as Dumas designated ingratitude, and derive a lesson from it. That is why the restoration of the d'Orléans dynasty is well-nigh impossible in France.

## CHESS.

YATES WITHAM, B.A. (Calcutta).—We do not purchase problems. If we did none of yours could be entertained. Thanks for the offer of them.  
R S (Crowthorne).—We are pleased to hear that the holiday problems exercised your skill and gave you enjoyment.  
G HEATHCOTE (Manchester).—It is scarcely necessary to say how welcome your contribution will be to our solvers, who, notwithstanding the passing years, do not readily forget the charm of your problems.  
H W (Tunbridge Wells).—Whenever a solution begins with a check you may take it that in nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of a thousand there is something wrong. You supply yourself the objection to your proposed solution.  
W H GUNDEY (Exeter).—Your letter is certainly surprising, and the enclosure still more so. The problem received bore your name, but we will take particular notice of your instructions for the future.  
C W (Sunbury).—Thanks for problem, and good wishes.  
A J ALLEN.—Your two-move problem is correct, and shall appear.  
H GRAY.—1. Q to K 3rd gives another solution to your problem.  
H A SALWAY.—An excellent composition, which shall be published shortly.  
G S JOHNSON (Cobham).—Still faulty by 1. B takes P (ch), etc.  
D R BROOKS (Manchester).—No. 1 is neat, and is marked for insertion.  
ANGLIM.—Diagram duly to hand, with thanks.  
REV. R BEE.—Thanks; it shall be examined.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2902 received from V Hugo Mathushak (New York); of No. 2903 from Jacob Verrall (Ridmell) and Geo. Devey Farmer M.D. (Ancaster, Ontario); of No. 2904 from R Nugent (Southwold), M. A. Eyre (Folkestone), E B Foord (Cheltenham), H G G, G P B, E N (Lincoln), J Muxworthy (Hook), W M Kelly M.D. (Worthing), J W D Hoare (Bognor), and F C Hensher; of No. 2905 from R Saunderson (Crowthorne, Berks), A Flathead, U K D (Cambridge), E J Winter Wood, J H Warburton Lee (Whitechurch), Jacob Verrall (Ridmell), F C Hensher, R Nugent (Southwold), W M Kelly, M.D. (Worthing), J Muxworthy (Hook), C E H (Clifton), J Bailey (Newark), Rev. Robert Bee, and Blair H Cochrane (Harting).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2906 received from T Roberts, Alpha, R Saunderson (Crowthorne, Berks), C E H (Clifton), H S Brandreth (Biarritz), R Nugent (Southwold), Sorrento, W R B (Clifton), Shadforth, Miss D Gregson, Albert Wolff (Putney), Dr. Tisdell (Morecambe), Rupert Rogers (Stratford), E B Foord (Cheltenham), D R Brooks (Manchester), G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), F J S (Hampstead), R Worters (Canterbury), Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), F Dalby, H Le Jeune, F Harrison (Liverpool), J F Moon, J D Tucker (Ilkley), C E Perugini, Edith Corser (Reigate), Charles Burnett, Rev. Robert Bee (Cowpen), Bandmaster E P Edwards (Gravesend), and F W Moore (Brighton).

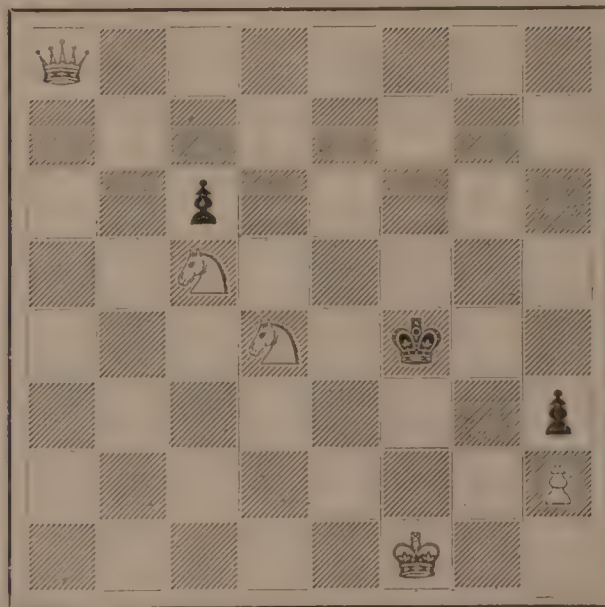
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF HOLIDAY PROBLEMS received from Edith Corser (Reigate), Reginald Gorton (Kensington), R Worters (Canterbury), F Dalby, W R B (Clifton), M A Eyre (Folkestone), Jacob Verrall (Ridmell), W R Pearce (Mevagissey), Rupert Rogers (Stratford), H S Brandreth (Biarritz), G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), M G D, Charles Burnett, E J Winter Wood, J F Moon, R Saunderson (Crowthorne, Berks), Blair H Cochrane (Harting), J W D Hoare (Bognor), F J S (Hampstead), Bandmaster E P Edwards (Gravesend), Miss D Gregson, Digby Cotes-Predy (Deganey), C E H (Clifton), F Harrison (Liverpool), A Flathead, Thomas Barnett (Cardiff), and U K D (Cambridge).

## SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2905.—By F. HEALEY.

WHITE. BLACK.  
1. B to K 6th R to B sq (ch)  
2. K takes R Any move  
3. Mates.

## PROBLEM No. 2908.—By L. A. GREIG.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

## CORRESPONDENCE CHESS.

Game played between Messrs. J. FISH (Toronto) and R. A. BRUCHIA (New York).

(Four Knights Game.)

WHITE (Mr. F.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)	WHITE (Mr. F.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	15. Q R to Q sq	P to Q 4th
2. P to B 4th	Kt to K B 3rd	16. P takes K P	Kt (Kt3) takes P
3. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to B 3rd	17. Kt takes Kt	Q takes Kt
4. Kt to B 3rd	Kt to B 4th	18. P to B 4th	Q to K 2nd
5. Castles	P to Q 3rd	19. P to K 5th	Kt to R 2nd
6. P to K R 3rd		20. B to Kt 3rd	B takes B
7. P to Q 3rd	Kt to K 2nd	21. Q takes B	P to B 3rd
8. Kt to K 2nd	P to K R 3rd	22. K R to K sq	K R to K sq
9. K to R sq	Q to Kt 3rd	23. P to B 4th	
10. Q to K sq	B to Q 2nd	24. P takes Q P	K to R sq
11. P to B 3rd	Q to B 2nd	25. P to Q 6th	Q to R 5th
12. P to K 4th	B to Kt 3rd	26. P takes P	Kt to B sq
13. Kt to Kt 3rd	Castles (K R)	27. B to B 7th	K R to B sq
14. B to K 3rd	Kt to Kt 3rd	28. P to Q 4th	Q to Q 8th
		29. P to K 6th	P to B 4th
		30. R to K Kt 4th	Resigns

Black brings his Queen to a bad position in the hope of gaining a Pawn. Instead of developing and afterwards casting Q R, followed by a King's side attack. That at least seems a more promising line of play.

## CHESS IN VIENNA.

Game played in the Kolisch Tournament between Messrs. A. SCHWARTZ and N. BRODY.

(Sicilian Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)	WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)
1. P to K 4th	P to Q 4th	11. P to K Kt 5th	Q to R 5th
2. Kt to K B 3rd	P to K 3rd	12. P takes P	B to R 3rd
3. P to Q 4th	P takes P	13. Kt to K 5th	
4. Kt takes P	Kt to K B 3rd	14. P takes B	White resigns. (The White King is in a dangerous position, and Black has a winning attack.)
5. B to Q 3rd		15. B takes B	B takes Kt
6. B to K 3rd	P to Q 4th	16. P to K 2nd	R takes B P
7. P takes P	Kt takes P	17. R to B sq	Q R to K B sq
8. Kt takes Kt	P takes Kt	18. R to B sq	B to Q 5th
9. B to Q 2nd		19. Q takes P (ch)	K to R sq
10. B to Q B sq	B to Q 3rd	20. K to Q sq	R takes P
11. Q to K 3rd	Castles	21. B takes Kt	Q takes R
12. Kt to Q 2nd	P to K B 4th	22. B to Kt 1	Kt to K 6th (ch)
13. Kt to B 4th	B to B 2nd	23. K to Q 2nd	B takes B
		24. K to Q 2nd	Q to B 6th (ch)
		25. K to Q 2nd	B to B 7th (ch)
		26. K to Q 2nd	

Black mates in two more moves.

## BOOKS TO READ.

LONDON: JAN. 9, 1900.

Mr. Augustine Birrell, entering the house of literature by a side door, speedily found himself in a spacious and important room. The pursuit of letters has never been the main object of his life. Books have appealed to him, and he has written about them—that is all; but, in his case, that means a good deal. If he has felt the temptation to produce creative work, he has withstood it so far as publication is concerned. He is a critic—learned, amusing, garrulous, sympathetic—a critic and a true bookman. One of his recreations is, on his own confession, book-hunting. But the real business of his life lies elsewhere. He is a member of Parliament, a Queen's Counsel, a platform speaker, and a writer of law text-books. I have no doubt that he is very much in earnest about his literary work, but, unlike the professional writer, he cannot conceal his sheer joy in it. He does not purse his lips and puff his cheeks when he is writing an essay. He approaches his subject with the gaiety of expectation a man feels when starting on a day's fishing. Literature to him is enjoyment. His humour plays even over grave topics, and without flippancy. Dealing often with the same subjects as Mr. Frederic Harrison, he is that writer's antithesis. The one proceeds at a slow march with knitted brows, the other skips to his work with his cap set jauntily upon his head whistling a tune. Indeed, a word has been coined to express Mr. Birrell's literary method—the word "birrelling." Sometimes it is used as a term of reproach, but that is only because the writer is jealous. Mr. Birrell's work puts the reader in a good humour, and into friendly relations with the most austere of British authors. Well, in his time Mr. Birrell has published four slim volumes of literary essays—"Obiter Dicta," first and second series, "Res Judicata," and "Essays About Men, Women, and Books." These have been collected, and are now issued in two handsome volumes, "Collected Essays" (Elliot Stock). Turning their leaves, I am conscious of a growing admiration for Mr. Birrell's intrepidity. Many men could be found willing to dissect one author, or perhaps two or three, but Mr. Birrell has run the whole gamut. Half a hundred essays are packed into these volumes. Gibbon, Lamb, Marie Bashkittseff, De Quincey, Cardinal Newman, Browning—he has something to say about them all, always with spirit, and with that personal note that rejoices in its own candour. A brilliant Frenchman has defined criticism as an account of the adventures of the soul among masterpieces. Criticism is only dull and stupid when the critic, not knowing what he himself feels, falls back upon cataloguing what he believes to be the feelings of others. Mr. Birrell does not fall into that slough. He is always himself, always readable, and his ways are ways of pleasantness.

Already the Scandinavian world is discussing Ibsen's new play, "When We Who Are Dead, Awaken." Arrangements are being made for its translation into ten languages. The English translation published by Mr. Heinemann may be expected in a few days. Ibsen calls it his dramatic epilogue, and it has pleased him to compound this, the last play of the kind that he will give to the world, of sheer pessimism. Boldly, relentlessly, mystically, he presents this dramatic episode. The reader can make of it what he will. "I write what I write," one can imagine Ibsen saying; "I don't attempt to explain." He gives us men and women, troubled and unhappy, selfish and cruel; he makes them real, and shows that they are but puppets in the grasp of the unseen forces of the world. Other writers, with a more sympathetic, or—shall I say?—a more sentimental, interest in humanity are able to distil hope from the direst circumstances. But that is not Ibsen's way. He gazes at the enigma, frowns, writes, and leaves it an enigma. Now for the play. It contains but four characters—Professor Rubek, an elderly sculptor; his wife, young, beautiful, and unhappy; a hunter of bears; and a lady, Irene, an intimate of the Professor's before his marriage. Indeed, she was his model for his great work, "The Day of Resurrection," which won him fame. But since his self-imposed politic parting with Irene, and through all the years of his marriage, something has gone from his life: his inspiration has ceased, his soul is dead. His wife, too, is disappointed and discontented. The play opens at a sanatorium in the north of Norway, disclosing the Professor and his wife, and revealing their marital discontent. The hunter of bears appears; to him the wife quickly succumbs, leaving the way clear for the development of the intrigue between the Professor and a lady staying at the hotel, who, of course, turns out to be his discarded former love. These, who thought they were dead, awaken. That awakening is the motive of the play, which ends on a mountain top, at sunrise, amid avalanches and tragedy. Such, in bare outline, is the scheme of Ibsen's dramatic epilogue, which is to be translated into ten tongues.

How James Payn would have disliked "When We Who Are Dead, Awaken"! His sunny, genial nature was all against morbidity and the use of the scalpel. He hated the "melancholy ending." Those who go to and fro proclaiming that Turgenev's "On the Eve" is the finest novel of modern times will be very angry (they are serious folk) at a passage in "The Backwater of Life" (Smith Elder), a collection of Payn's essays. "What right," he asks, "has a man to pen a story like 'On the Eve,' to make generations of his fellow-creatures miserable?" Why, just as much right as Payn had to pen the charming essays in the "Backwater of Life." It is just the difference between man and man. Payn was Payn, Turgenev was Turgenev—that is all.

Mr. Sidney Lee is not a picturesque writer, but he is reliable, painstaking, and learned. He has specialised in Shakespeare, and he has earned his reward, for his life is now the classic authority. Failing further discoveries, his volume published twelve months ago remains the definitive biography. An illustrated library edition has now been issued, "A Life of William Shakespeare" (Smith, Elder), in a cover taken from a rare binding of English workmanship of the sixteenth century. Corrections and additions have been made, pictures added, Shakespeare's crest looks gaily from the cover, and so the book's first birthday is worthily celebrated.

QUILL.



## THE VICEROY'S VISIT TO LUCKNOW.

FROM A CORRESPONDENT.

As Lord Curzon, in the days before his peerage, had travelled so much in India, it was a surprise to learn that he had never visited Lucknow till he came to it as Viceroy on Dec. 11, 1899. Their Excellencies Lord and Lady Curzon were met at the railway station by the Lieutenant-Governor and Lady MacDonnell. The chief civil and military officers and principal native Princes were presented to the Viceroy. After inspecting the guard of honour, his Excellency drove away with Sir Anthony MacDonnell, accompanied by their respective aides-de-camp, and escorted by a troop of the 3rd Hussars. Lady Curzon and Lady MacDonnell followed in another carriage, drawn by a team of artillery horses ridden by gunners.

The station had been beautifully decorated not only with the usual flags and garlands, but with unique designs of tools and implements used in the construction and repair of railways. Venetian masts and a profusion of bunting, with the Stars and Stripes occupying prominent positions, adorned the streets. Lady Curzon found time to visit the Dufferin Hospital, and expressed her satisfaction with the able management of Miss Sykes, M.D., the lady doctor in charge. She also accompanied the Viceroy to the Residency, Secundra Bagh, and Alum Bagh, places made famous by the events of the Indian Mutiny.

There were two garden-parties, one at Government House, and another given by Mrs. Jennings, wife of the General commanding the district. Lady MacDonnell was also "at home" one evening, so that Lucknow people had several opportunities of meeting their Excellencies. The most important of the many functions, arranged in connection with the visit was the Durbar on the 13th. The scene inside the great tent was extremely picturesque and imposing. The Viceroy was wearing the pale blue satin robe and jewelled insignia of the Star of India, officers in full uniform, ladies in their smartest gowns. The Durbaris themselves, however, provided the brightest glow of colour. Their gowns were all of the richest velvet, brocade, and satin, a mass of glittering embroidery and gold, with magnificent jewels flashing from sword-hilt and turban. The Talukdars

were headed by the Maharajah of Kapurthala, who is well known both in London and Paris. Among the most interesting of those received in Durbar were retired native officers of the Indian Army who had fought side by side with English troops in the stirring days of 1857. All these veterans were decorated, some with such an array of medals as few indeed can display. The speech of the Viceroy was printed beforehand in the vernacular, so that

## THE FRENCH IN TUNIS.

"Tunisia, and the Modern Barbary Pirates." By Herbert Vivian, M.A. (C. Arthur Pearson, Limited.)—The condition and apparent future prospects of the North-West African countries inhabited by a Mohammedan population detached from the Turkish Empire may possibly become quite as important in European politics as that of the Levant. Mr.

Herbert Vivian, who had already inspected Serbia, and written a book upon his experiences and observations there, visited Tunis with his wife in 1898, and gives us much precise information. The volume, adorned with more than a hundred illustrations mostly from photographs taken by Mrs. Vivian, is very readable. The territory of which his Highness the Bey of Tunis, a mild and feeble old gentleman, is still the nominal sovereign, is nearly as large as England, with a mixed population of less than two millions, in a geographical position most favourable to trade with the interior of North Africa, and its soil, climate, minerals, and coast fisheries ought to produce considerable wealth. It was the African province of the Roman Empire, hardly less valuable, at one period, than Egypt to the undisputed masters of the Mediterranean. The facilities of naval command which France was supposed to have got by the possession of the ancient harbours of Carthage, Tunis, and Bizerta on the north coast seem to have been much overrated; but those of Sfax and Gabes, on the east coast fronting Malta, could apparently, though

at great cost, be fitted to aid a possible rivalry to British maritime power in that direction. It is to be hoped that they will rather be utilised as commercial outlets for the vast French interior dominions of Central North Africa recognised by Lord Salisbury's recent international treaty, despite the ferocity and rapacity of the Tuaregs and other marauding savage tribes. Mr. Vivian's personal observations were pretty much confined to the capital city and its neighbourhood, to the coast towns, and to the celebrated Moslem religious centre, Kairwan, now open to foreign Christian visitors, but of which the earliest precise account, by Mr. Walter Harris, was given in this Journal a few years ago. The English tourist may in Tunis—well as in Morocco, find the quaint and curious features of Mohammedan and Jewish life abundantly displayed.



AWAITING NEWS OUTSIDE THE OFFICE OF THE "TIMES OF NATAL," PIETERMARITZBURG.

Photograph supplied by A. W. Fordham, Capetown.

all unacquainted with English were quite able to follow and understand. A brilliant fête, given by the Talukdars, or Barons, of the province, brought to a conclusion the visit of Lord and Lady Curzon to the historic capital of Oudh.

## WAR FEVER IN NATAL.

That news is awaited feverishly at home means, of course, that the excitement is infinitely greater at the important centres of interest near the scene of war. Hostilities have not interrupted the activity of the Press in Natal, as may be seen from our Illustration showing the special arrangements made at Pietermaritzburg by a leading journal for publishing the latest telegrams. The great crowd proves how keenly these facilities are appreciated.



Lady Curzon.

Lord Curzon.

LORD CURZON'S VISIT TO LUCKNOW: A GROUP AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE.

Photograph supplied by Miss L. De Gruyter, Lucknow.



## LADIES' PAGE.

Dress never was so dull at the big Private Views as this year: a mere monotony of furs and dark undistinguished gowns. But the Vandycks at the Academy must add to the taste of next season's dress. The costumes are delicious, and lace was as much in favour as now, and worn with the best taste. Cavalier ties we have already had introduced, but we shall all want one more than ever



AN ELEGANT HOUSE-DRESS.

now that we see the grace of the wide bow of fine muslin with the full ends of fine lace. White satin, too, appears as the most desirable of materials. There would be some satisfaction if men would but take the hint, and see how velvet and even satin and lace become them, and how consistent these gracious draperies are with manliness. There has never been an age in which beauty in dress has been so ignored by the stronger sex as now; and Vandyck, on the other hand, gives us examples of one of the most charming periods for male attire.

Tea-gowns are the one class of garments that are in season all the year round, and that do not differ greatly for summer and winter wear. As they are only donned for use in well-warmed rooms, it follows that chiffon and lace are really as much in keeping for them when January's snows and mists are outside the windows as when the smiles of summer deck the landscape. The newest models are constructed quite in accordance with this idea; an admixture of panne or satin may be introduced to give a warm touch, but the light and airy much predominates. The decorative beauty of many of these gowns is as great as that of full evening dress, and the prices are as large, £40 or £50 being reached easily when real lace is part of the confection. Here is one of pale yellow mousseline-de-soie, laid loosely over yellow silk, the sweeping train made of billows of flouncing, each of them edged with a narrow lace; detached true-lovers' knots in lace are scattered over the surface at large; and the bolero bodice is covered with lace, as also is the yoke at the back from which the chiffon falls loose. Then there is a white chiffon, with an accordion-pleated yoke, made without a collar, and cut down the least bit in diamond shape at the throat; beginning beneath the bust, giving an Empire effect, comes a Princess-shaped robe of real lace reaching to below the knees, and covering to that point the pleated chiffon, that then again becomes alone visible in an underskirt and a long train, decorated with tiny choux of rose-pink velvet. Velvet of the same shade passes through diamond buckles as fastenings down the left side of the lace coat, and a rosette of it closes the centre of the yoke. Yellow satin, hand-painted with roses and honeysuckle down the front of the bloused top and on either side of the robings that sweep away from a tablier of white chiffon lightly embroidered with gold sequins, is another charming but costly model. Nothing seems to be considered too smart for a tea-gown, but a brilliant effect can be produced at less cost than is implied where real lace and fine embroideries or printings are introduced. A very smart gown of silk and velvet check—the silk orange, the

velvet white—opening over a front of killed white chiffon, and trimmed with motifs of jet on the front, and laid to simulate a waistbelt round the figure, is an illustration. Another is in mauve Oriental satin, with scarves falling down the front of it of lisse to match, on which are laid black lace ornaments worked round with silver sequins, and a Watteau pleat at the back of the satin, covered with similar mauve and lace-decorated lisse.

House-gowns may be easy yet very simple, as seen in our illustrations this week. Both these dresses are made in fine face cloth, and are of comfortably loose cut. The one with a thick Irish lace making the flounce on the underskirt and yoke is further trimmed with lines of mink fur, and clasped with enamelled and jewelled buckles of the antique Irish design characterised as Kells. The other is laid in small flat pleats on bodice and skirt, points of lace intervening between the folds. Narrow bands of fur trim the yoke and skirt, and there is a sash of soft silk deeply fringed.

An excellent wedding-gown was worn by a widow (no longer in her first youth) recently at her remarriage. Her gown, as is most usual, was composed of silver-grey satin, but it was much brightened and relieved by the uncommon feature of a lining and bordering to the long train of rose-coloured chiffon. A fichu of fine Honiton lace was draped round the bodice, and caught in front with a cluster of pink and white blossoms; while on her head she wore neither a bonnet nor a wreath, but a compromise in the form of a gracefully folded scarf of silver tissue and Court plumes fastened with diamond ornaments.

There is something very sad, if romantic, about the number of "war weddings" that are being celebrated. One is constantly hearing of a marriage that was only contemplated for some months later being suddenly arranged to take place in consequence of the bridegroom being summoned to the seat of war—a honeymoon of a few brief and crowded days, to be followed by a separation that may be eternal! We cannot but sympathise with the love that desires ever so brief a union before the fatal chance is risked; but, on the other hand, it can hardly conduce to a man's peace of mind, or make the courage that he will doubtless none the less display the easier, to leave a bride at home. Many officers commanding regiments are great enemies of matrimony for their juniors, under any circumstances, and active service would accentuate the objection. It is noteworthy how many of the leading men in the present crisis are bachelors, by the way. Mr. Rhodes, Lord Kitchener, and Colonel Baden-Powell, the defender of Mafeking, are amongst them, and all have a strong prejudice in favour of celibate officers. One of the sad things about a war is the number of young women who are destined to be left husbandless because of it, either as young widows or spinsters. The girls so left will, in many cases, not even know that their husbands that would have been fallen on the field, but it will be so all the same. It is said by an American journal to be the fact that in the United States at present the single women between the ages of forty-five and sixty are six times the number of bachelors of the same ages, because some 600,000 men fell in the great Civil War, of whom ninety per cent. died young and single—leaving "brevet widows," as it were. I am quite old-fashioned enough to think that "the best of women's rights is a good husband," and that this is a melancholy aspect of war.

Innumerable are the patriotic gifts being poured forth on our brave defenders. The latest is that Messrs. Lever Brothers, Limited, the well-known soapmakers of Port Sunlight, have offered, and the Secretary of State for War has accepted, 5000 tablets of Lifebuoy Royal Disinfectant Soap for the use of the troops in South Africa. The soap will accordingly be immediately despatched to the Red Cross Commissioner at the front. The Hospital and Ambulance Department of the Canadian Contingent was also supplied with Lifebuoy Soap from the Toronto Branch of Lever Brothers, Limited. The value of a disinfectant soap of recognised efficacy in field hospitals is self-evident, and the gift is sure to be much appreciated.

The house-mistress who sighs occasionally for a new dish will be interested to hear that a possibility lies before her. In the meat-market has been sold a consignment of frozen kangaroo-tails, which are stated to make a soup more savoury than ox-tail. The present supply is very limited, but if the experiment succeeds there will be more despatched very soon. It is curious, however, how many possible foods are never, or hardly ever, imported for us. American green corn in the ear occasionally appears in Covent Garden in perfect condition, but it is a mere trade "sport," and is not usually to be had anywhere. Salsify, scorzonera, aubergines, melongena, and other vegetables are as uncommon, and speaking generally, unprocureable, as the tomato was until a comparatively short time ago; nespoli, grape-fruit, and other delicious fruits are unknown to the untravelled English palate; and if there are not many meats that are not cosmopolitan, there are novelties in preparations that we never avail ourselves of. For instance, how many of my readers who wish vaguely for some dinner-table novelty know how to make the favourite dish of the Queen of Italy, "fritto misto"? Then why not find out?

What doubt and difficulty we must feel about what we may eat if we pay too much attention to the doctors! There has long been a growing tendency among them to decri the use of meat. A book published on "uric acid" has been widely read among doctors, and is held to have proved that meat-eating tends to make in the system quantities of that compound, from which spring gout, rheumatism, and innumerable other of the ills that flesh is heir to. Those of us who came under the treatment of doctors influenced by that book were ordered to eat very little meat, and turned with a groan to lunches of farinaceous puddings and dinners largely composed of bread, aided by some mere relish. But now, here is another doctor's book sent me, from which I learn that the really fatal thing is to eat bread and all those other starchy foods; that bronchitis, and rheumatism

and gout, and, in short, almost all complaints, are so induced and nourished! What my new mentor does is to take a patient subject to, say, bronchitis, and ask her what she has usually eaten at each of her meals during her life; and discovering that bread has generally figured at every meal, relieved only by a little meat, and rice, sago, tapioca, and Yorkshire or other flour-made puddings—"Ha, ha!" says our scientific authority, "they all eat bread and puddings, these sufferers—in no other habit do they all resemble one another—it is clearly, therefore, farinaceous food eating that does the mischief." On similar grounds, of course, we can prove that bread-eating causes anything whatsoever; say, I would have curly auburn hair—I ask each girl so adorned how she has fed herself from childhood. Bread, you may be very sure, if your curly auburn beauty is English, will be the mainstay of her several meals—just as it would be rice if we took an Indian, or potatoes if it were Irish peasants, or macaroni if we chose Italians for our experiment. Well, as in no other discoverable item do all the auburn curly-pated maidens agree save in this—what can be clearer than that if we eat much bread we shall all be ruddier than the cherry?

Again, many doctors have a perfect craze for a very small diet, and assure their patients that we all, as a practice, eat too much every day. But, on the contrary, the famous Nordrach, or open-air, plan of treating consumption, the one plan that has secured a large percentage of successes and cures in that long, invariably fatal disease, includes systematic, daily excessive feeding. The patients are literally compelled to eat much more solid nourishing food and to drink much more milk than they feel as if they can possibly swallow; they are not allowed to leave the table till they have eaten the whole heavy allowance, and the doctor at last stands over and actually feeds the unwilling—the result being a triumphant victory over a constitutional disease. I believe that a great many women eat too little, and that a crusade in favour of a larger diet-table would be of immense use to us as a sex.

Every one of the women's colleges reports a great increase in the number of its students for the beginning of this year. The London School of Medicine for Women has actually over two hundred students this session. Newham is minimising the pressure on its accommodation by raising fees; and all the Scotch colleges report large increases in attendance. So the women's higher education movement intends to go on into the new century.

A very successful portrait-painter of women is Mr. Fünk. By descent Dutch and by birth German, Mr. Fünk has made his name well known in America, where he has



A HANDSOME EVENING GOWN.

spent a good deal of time, and his conquest of London began this week by an exhibition at the Hanover Gallery, where his portraits of a royal Duchess, of Lady Colin Campbell, of Mrs. Brown Potter, and others, showed he had already secured some of the opportunities most desired by young painters with ambitions. A portrait of Mr. Balfour proved that Mr. Fünk's powers are by no means specialised to his presentments of women.—FLORENA.



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## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The Scotch confirmation, under seal of the Commissariat of Ayrshire, of the trust disposition and settlement (dated, April 7, 1899) of Mr. William Houldsworth, of Rozelle, Ayr, N.B., who died on Sept. 26, granted to Joseph Henry Houldsworth, the brother, the Rev. William Houldsworth Macleod, B.D., James Hamilton Houldsworth, and Timothy Warren, the executors nominate, was resealed in London on Jan. 3, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland amounting to £379,495.

The will (dated July 20, 1888, with a codicil (dated Feb. 18, 1898) of John Charles George, fourth Earl of Mexborough, who died at Brighton on Aug. 17, was proved on Jan. 1 by the Hon. John Henry Savile, the son and sole executor, the value of the estate being £349,652. The testator gives to his eldest son, now fifth Earl of Mexborough, such a sum as will be sufficient to pay the estate duty on the real property passing to him under the settlement of the family estates, such sum to be paid out of money in the hands of Messrs. Lenthall Tew and Co., of Pontefract, and any balance thereof after such payment is to be divided between his (the testator's) sons John Henry and George. He further gives to his eldest son, by his late wife, Agnes Louisa Elizabeth, Countess of Mexborough, two sums of £15,000 and £14,000 charged upon the settled estates, the money in the hands of Messrs. Pordham and Co., Royston, and his plate, pictures, and books; to his son George all his bank stock; to his sons John Henry and George all his property in the Public Stocks or Funds; and to each of his nephews William Savile and Arthur Cornwallis Savile £5000 debenture stock of the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway Company. All his manors, lands, and real estate, including the advowsons of West Mill and Aspenden, Herts, and Thorne, Yorks, he devises to his son by his wife Agnes Louisa Elizabeth, who shall survive him and first attain twenty-one. The residue of his property he leaves to his son John Henry.

The will (dated Aug. 11, 1887), with three codicils (dated Dec. 11, 1890, July 1, 1896, and Oct. 13, 1899), of



A GROUP OF IRISH NURSES FOR SOUTH AFRICA.

Mr. Henry Vaughan, of 28, Cumberland Terrace, Regent's Park, who died on Nov. 26, was proved on Dec. 27 by John George Scott, one of the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £230,002. The testator bequeaths

to William Creighton, Charles Edwin Creighton, and Sarah Creighton Guisburg; £400 to her uncle, the Rev. David Abraham Herschell; £10,000, upon trust, for her sister Gheta Burdon Sanderson for life, and then for her

many pictures, studies, sketches, works of art, etc., to the National Gallery, the South Kensington Museum, the British Museum, University College, the National Gallery (Dublin), the Royal Institution for the Encouragement of the Fine Arts in Edinburgh, the Burlington Fine Arts Club, the Architectural Museum, and the Athenaeum (Bury St. Edmunds). He also bequeaths £25,000, 42 1/2s. per cent. Consolidated Stock, to the Seaford Seaside Hospital by way of endowment, with power to raise part for enlarging same; £25,000 of the like stock to the Metropolitan Convalescent Institution for the Bexhill branch, by way of endowment, with a similar power to raise part for enlarging same; £2000 of the like stock to the Royal Institution (Albemarle Street); £20,000 to New College (New Finchley Road); £5000 each to University College Hospital, the Middlesex Hospital, the Church Missionary Society for Africa and the East, the London Missionary Society, and King's College Hospital; £2000 each to the Royal National Life-boat Institution, the Merchant Seamen's Orphan Asylum, the South-Eastern College at Ramsgate, and the Anti-Slavery Society (New Broad Street); and legacies to other charitable institutions. There are many pecuniary and specific bequests; and the residue of his estate he leaves to the British and Foreign Schools (Borough Road).

The will (dated Nov. 7, 1894), with two codicils (dated Jan. 12, 1897, and March 15, 1899), of Mrs. Mary Cunliffe, of 64, Banbury Road, Oxford, formerly of 2, Lancaster Gate, who died on July 31, was proved on Dec. 14 by Richard Farrer, Lord Herschell, the nephew, and Alexander William Mowbray Baillie, the cousin, the executors, the value of the estate being £69,147. The testatrix bequeaths £15,000 to her nephew Lord Herschell; £5000 to Agnes, Lady Herschell; £5000 each to her nieces Agnes Freda and Muriel Fanny Herschell; £1000 each to her sister-in-law Annie Cunliffe and her niece Mary Ethel Cunliffe; £1000 each

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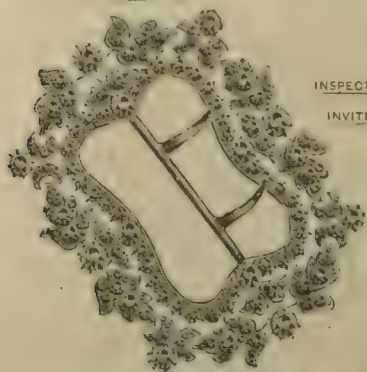
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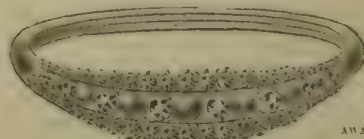


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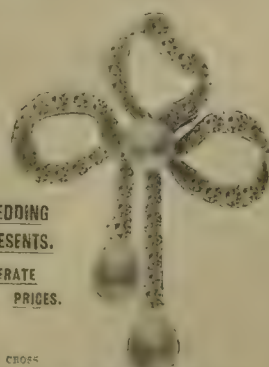
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nieces Agnes Freela and Muriel Fanny Herschell, £1000 each to her aunts, Isabella Mowbray, Margaret Herschell, Gullielma Herschell, and Theodosia Herschell; £1000 to Alexander William Mowbray Baillie; and many small legacies. The residue of her property she leaves to her nephew Lord Herschell.

The will (dated Dec. 23, 1898), with a codicil (dated April 26, 1899), of Mr. Henry Hockey Burnell, F.S.A., of 20, Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, who died on Oct. 30, was proved on Dec. 28 by Herbert Manson Sutt, George Edward Mead, and Miss Margaret Burnell, the daughter, the executors, the value of the estate amounting to

remainder of the Sandleford Priory estate to be sold, and the proceeds divided between his sister, Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Thynne, his nephews Major the Hon. Andrew David Murray and the Hon. Alexander David Murray, and his brothers Atholl MacGregor and Sir Evan MacGregor, K.C.B. He gives £100, the photograph of the Queen, signed by her, and all his furniture, pictures, plate, and jewels, to his nephew the Earl of Mansfield; £1500 to the Rev. Francis Charles Gosling; £1000 to Mrs. Emily Neeld, wife of Colonel Neeld, 1st Life Guards; £500 each to his nieces Jean, Countess Emlyn, and Agatha Thynne; £200 each to his executors; and other bequests. The

estate being £37,061. The testator gives £14,000 India 3½ per cent. Stock, upon trust, for his three unmarried daughters, and on the death of the survivor of them, for his other children, except his sons Allen and John. The residue of his property he leaves in equal shares to his children, except his sons Allen and John.

The will (dated March 22, 1884) of James FitzWalter, Baron Dunboyne, of Greendale, Clist St. Mary, Devon, who died on Aug. 17, was proved on Dec. 30 by Marjion, Baroness Dunboyne, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the estate being £3717. The testator leaves all his property to his wife.



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£56,615. The testator gives his household furniture and effects to his two unmarried daughters, Margaret and Alice; £100 to Herbert Manson Sutt; and £50 each to his other two executors. The residue of his property he leaves to his three daughters, Margaret, Alice, and Mrs. Maud Mead.

The will (dated March 30, 1899) of Mr. Alpin MacGregor, of 101, Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, and Sandleford Priory, near Newbury, Gentleman Usher to the Queen, who died on Nov. 13, was proved on Dec. 30 by Viscount Emlyn and the Hon. George Nicholas de Yurburgh Bateson, the executors, the value of the estate being £48,519. The testator devises Sandleford Lodge, with certain land attached thereto, and the Swan Inn, Newtown, to his niece, Agatha Thynne, and he directs the

residue of his property he leaves to his niece Beryl Thynne, and his nephews Sir Malcolm MacGregor, Bart., R.N., and the Hon. Alexander David Murray.

The Scotch confirmation, under seal of the Commissariat of Forfar, of the will and testament (dated Aug. 23, 1895) of Colonel Thomas Wedderburn Ogilvy, 2nd Life Guards, was resealed in London on Dec. 29, the value of the estate in England and Scotland being £13,861.

The will (dated Aug. 28, 1899) of Mr. John Archibald Russell, Q.C., formerly Recorder of Bolton and Judge of the Manchester and Salford County Court, who died on Nov. 18, was proved on Jan. 1 by the Rev. A. J. H. Russell and C. A. Russell, Q.C., the sons, and Miss M. M. Russell, the daughter, the executors, the value of the

The will (dated Sept. 23, 1895) of the Right Hon. Jacob Bright, P.C., of 31, St. James's Place, who died on Nov. 7, was proved on Jan. 3 by Mrs. Ursula Mellor Bright, the widow, one of the executors, the value of the estate being £3449. The testator leaves all his property to his wife.

The will and codicil of Major George Gooch Clowes, late 8th Hussars, of 6, Elvaston Place, Queen's Gate, who died on Nov. 7, were proved on Jan. 1 by Mrs. Susan Caroline Clowes, the widow, and John Wigram, the executors, the value of the estate being £9111.

The will of Mrs. Hannah Bousfield, of 33, Stanhope Gardens, Queen's Gate, widow, who died on Sept. 16, has been proved by William Bousfield, the son, and Hannah Bousfield, the daughter, the executors, the value of the estate being £3546.

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## MORE ABOUT THE "MARIE CELESTE."

BY DR. ANDREW WHISON.

My readers will remember the case of the *Marie Celeste*. I told them the story of this deserted and abandoned brig, which was found sailing calmly and peacefully off Gibraltar, in the month of February 1873, with not a soul on board of the twenty who sailed in her from Boston, U.S. The puzzle of this case was that there was not a sign to be found of any kind of disorder on the vessel. Not a boat was missing, and not a rope out of place. The remains of the crew showed that the crew had apparently been peacefully enjoying their meal when something or other occurred to cause them (as I think) to rush on deck and to meet their untoward fate, whatever that fate may have been. I told this story a month or so ago, and suggested that it might be an appropriate topic whereon my readers might exercise their detective ingenuities in the attempt to explain what became of the captain, his crew, and his wife and daughter. I may add that no trace whatever was ever heard of any single soul who had sailed in the brig from America, and

this notwithstanding the energetic and complete inquiries made by the Government of the United States.

I have received a number of letters from readers of *The Illustrated London News* relative to the case of the *Marie Celeste*. The majority of the writers refer me to Dr. Conan Doyle's story, in which he attempts, if I mistake not, an explanation founded on the idea of the homicidal impulse of a member of the crew; but I think there are many and obvious considerations against the probability of such a theory. Especially, we have to reflect that it is very unlikely one man, or even a few men, could, piece by piece, murder and dispose of their neighbours with complete success. Then there is the matter of the escape of the murderers from the vessel, for no boat was missing, although, of course, there is the alternative of their suicide by drowning as an explanation of the disappearance of the last survivors. I confess this theory does not commend itself to me, from the fact that the chances of one or a few men disposing of a whole crew without leaving any trace of a struggle seem against the probabilities all round.

A medical man writes from Bimlough on the subject, and urges that "the crew and passengers [there were no passengers] had been worked into a state of high mental exaltation, perhaps of a religious nature, such as has been seen in these cases of 'epidemic insanity,' where whole congregations of people have been suddenly seized with an impulse to dance and give utterance to the wildest exclamations, and even to dash their heads against walls, etc." I presume my correspondent refers to the mental epidemics described by Hecker in his classic work, and that such occurrences are to be numbered among the realities of life, no one conversant with the details of mental science may doubt. But I do not think this hypothesis meets the case of the *Marie Celeste*. At least, it is an antecedently improbable thing; for admitting that a wave of religious frenzy had broken over one or two members of the crew, leading them towards self-destruction, it is difficult to conceive that it would have spread to the others.

Another correspondent reminds me of insurance frauds, and suggests that the *Marie Celeste* was abandoned and left to her fate in order that she might be wrecked, and a

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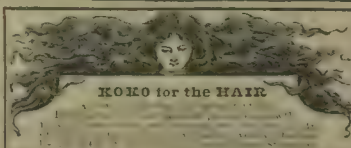
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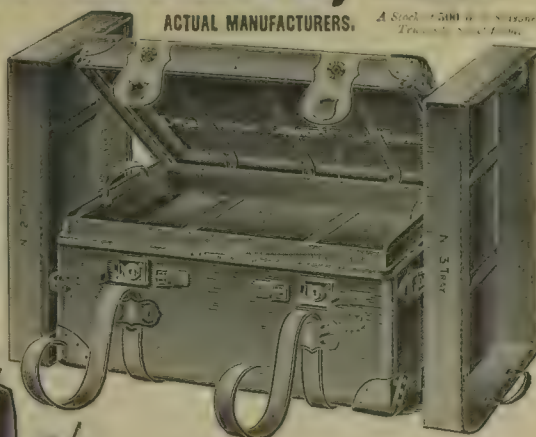
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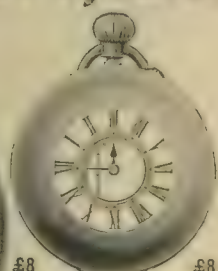
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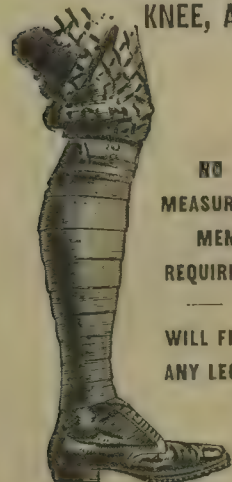
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The "HEAVY" Weight or "REGULATION" Quality is the same as originally made for Her Majesty's Government, and now supplied in large quantities by FOX BROTHERS & CO., Ltd., for the use of Troops on Active Service.

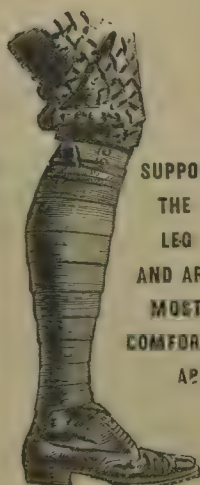
FOX BROTHERS & CO.'S NEW PATENT SPIRAL PUTTEE IS SO DESIGNED AS TO WIND ON SPIRALLY FROM ANKLE TO KNEE, AND TO FIT CLOSELY TO THE LEG WITH EVEN PRESSURE WITHOUT ANY TURNS OR TWISTS.



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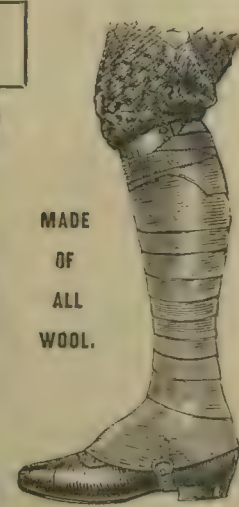
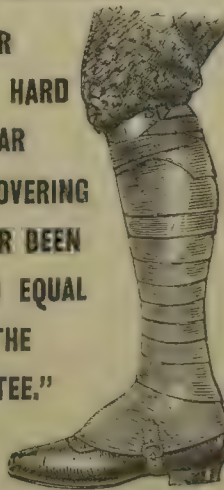


SUPPORT THE LEG AND ARE MOST COMFORTABLE.

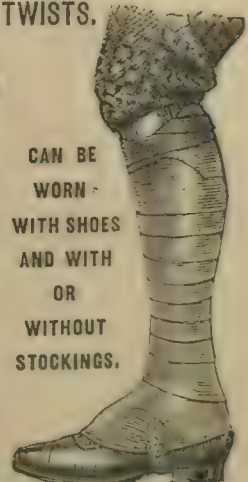
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claim made for her value and for that of her cargo. Now, arguing on general lines, surely the near neighbourhood of an inhabited coast is not a likely locality to have been selected for any such nefarious deed. It would have been a much simpler business to have sunk her, say, a hundred miles off the coast. Then comes the difficulty of the boats—there was no boat missing, and presumably the crew would have required at least two boats to have conveyed them to safety. There was no suggestion ever made that foul play could explain the mystery; and why was it that not a single man of the crew was ever found? To throw away a ship implies that the survivors, if villainy was their animating principle, would appear to claim their reward from somebody or other, but that no such demand was made is, I believe, a fact.

Even the idea that the vessel was abandoned and left to her fate, but drifted onwards to a position of safety, is untenable, because a criminal intent would be carried out beyond reach of land. Also, in case of a crew of seventeen men—excluding the captain, his wife, and child—it is very unlikely the secret of a net of wreckers would have been preserved intact, and a man does not wilfully expose his wife and child to the risk of a danger he himself has devised and planned. I am afraid the mystery of the *Marie Celeste* must remain an unsolved problem of the sea. Assuming I have stated the facts correctly, the case remains us an object-lesson whereon the ingenuity of a Vidocq might well be expended.

## ART NOTES.

The "old" Society of Painters in Water Colours holds its own against all innovations, or seems to take pleasure in showing what charming work can be produced in spite of loud assertions that "modernity" is the keynote of success. The old stagers, as they will not object to be called—such as Mrs. Allingham, Messrs. Collingwood, Rigby, Thorne Waite, and Eyre Walker—still keep their place in public favour, and find that meritorious and careful work still commands attention and patronage. In another category are to be found Miss Montalba, Mr. Herbert Marshall, Mr. Matthew Hale, and Mr. Charles Gregory, who understand in the best way the idealisation of landscape-painting, but at the same time are scrupulous in placing limits on their fancy. Mr. Albert Goodwin stands somewhat apart, for very often his poetic renderings of Nature make us lose sight of her distinctive features. Of the later comers, Mr. Robert Allan, Mr. Arthur Melville, and Mr. James Paterson are the most distinctive. All of them belong by birth, at least, to Scotland, and all of their work is marked by that vividness and emotion which characterise the painters of the Glasgow school. It does not do to look too critically into the subjects chosen by these painters, and to say that the treatment does not vary sufficiently with the spot. They paint as they see and feel, whether it be in the bull-ring of Madrid, on the shores of the Riviera, or in the streets of Edinburgh. The real interest of an exhibition like the

present, limited, as it is, to members of a select body, is to see whether or not the old school of English water-colour painting is to be perpetuated or revolutionised. The evidence suggested by the pictures in this gallery seems to weigh in favour of the former view; but the fact that men and women of newer ideas and methods find admission to the "old" Society points to a gradual but slow leavening of the body. In any case, there are few places where an hour may be more agreeably or profitably spent than in the gallery in Pall Mall East.

The idea of translating into movement Botticelli's "Primavera," a Greek frieze, or the quatrains of "Omar Khayyâm," is not given to many, and could be achieved by few. Miss Isadora Duncan, who comes to us from the other side of the Atlantic, however, is not daunted by the difficulties of the task. She has a full belief that the art of dancing consists of something more than the graceful movement of the body, and that the poetry of motion which the Greeks rendered in their processional friezes, which the early Italians caught in their mythological pictures, is an art still attainable by those who can feel what they wish to express. There are those who dance with their feet, especially on the stage; and others with their hearts, chiefly young people at Christmas; but there are a few—a very few—who dance also with their minds, intent upon throwing into every movement a thought or a feeling. Miss Duncan's gracefulness is not that of the mere adept: it attempts, and successfully, to

## INFLUENZA.

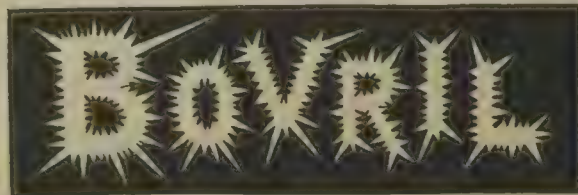
BOVRIL



"Alas! my poor Brother"

## The Enemy at Home.

From all sides come reports of an exceptionally severe visitation of Influenza, the outbreak in many quarters being very serious, particularly in regard to the rapidly spreading nature of the infection.



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required to afford protection from an attack of INFLUENZA is provided in an agreeable and convenient form by Bovril. An occasional cup of this stimulating and comforting beverage imparts tone to the system, sets up an immediate glow of natural warmth, and overcomes the exhaustion and numbness due to the penetrating cold and damp. Bovril is at all times the best of restoratives.

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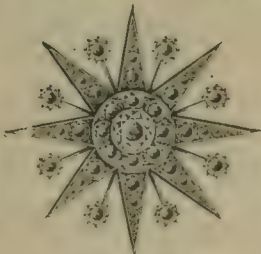
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## SUPPOSE YOU HAD AN AEOLIAN

An orchestra  
for  
every house



**S**UPPOSE YOU could have in your home an orchestra, and when you wanted music you had but to make a request and it would be immediately complied with. Suppose too (as long as we are only supposing it does not matter how improbable we are) that this orchestra could play any piece of music ever composed without waiting to study or practise it. If you wanted a programme of operatic music you had only to mention the particular selections you wished to hear and they would be promptly rendered.

To play your  
favourite  
compositions

Suppose you had some friends spending the evening and wished to dance. Your orchestra could play waltzes, lancers, two-steps, and polkas with such perfect time and rhythm that the pleasures of dancing would be immeasurably increased. Suppose you were alone and your mood called for some particular piece—some old-time favourite—very likely you would have your own conception of the manner in which it should be played. Suppose that you found that you could conduct this remarkable orchestra yourself—direct its playing according to your own ideas and wishes.

Entertains  
the greatest  
musicians

And finally, suppose that the playing of this orchestra was exceptionally fine—so good, indeed, that great musicians such as Paderewski, De Reszke, Nordica, Campanini, and others equally as famous, had employed it to entertain them with its playing; so good that people of wealth and culture everywhere sought it for their homes—people with means sufficient to enable them to enjoy all that is best in art and music, and all the pleasures and recreations that money can purchase.

Technical  
skill  
unnecessary

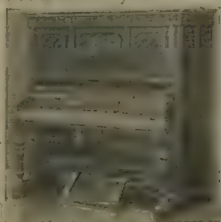
Suppose we tell you that you can have this orchestra in your home, that you can have music at any or all times, and that you yourself can play any piece of music ever composed, even if you literally "can not tell one note from another." The possession of an Aeolian will do all this. It will do infinitely more—it will entertain and instruct every member of the family, from the youngest to the oldest. Each can play it for himself or herself.

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It will bring into the home music never performed except by large and well-diffused orchestras. It will familiarise you with the works of the old masters and enable you to keep in touch with and enjoy the best music. It is the greatest musical educator and the most practical home instrument. You can purchase a good Aeolian for £24. Other styles up to £175. Aeolian Orchestrelles from £350 to £600. Catalogue 25 mailed upon request.

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Their Brandy can be taken at any time with absolute safety, whilst for medicinal purposes it is now almost universally prescribed by the medical profession.



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DAY BY DAY THROUGHOUT JANUARY.

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OXFORD ST. & REGENT ST.



Gallery. The few members who ever brought forward such questions were frowned down; or met by polite postponements to that "convenient season" upon which the first Commissioner of Works and the Chancellor of the Exchequer could never come to an agreement. Sir Henry Tate at length forced the authorities to come out into the open, and to prove by deeds that their words about national art and its claims were something more than platform platitudes. His generous offer, which cost him from first to last £250,000, was, as is well known, accepted with many grimaces; for many officials were but little pleased at being called upon to perform specifically what had been promised vaguely. By a strange coincidence, the completion of the additional rooms which will make the Tate Gallery one of the most commodious in Europe coincided with the attack of illness to which the donor succumbed.

**"EUREKA" IRISH  
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4 6, 5 6 each.**

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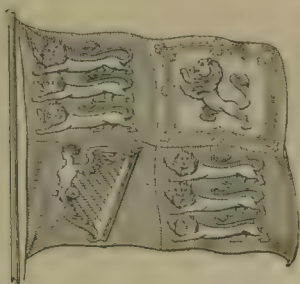
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The Manager of Parke's Drug Stores, Electric Avenue, Brixton, says—  
"The sale of Guy's Tonic has been so great that it has been a case of almost 'nothing but Guy's.'"

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"Our sale has been more than doubled."

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7	9	" 5	2	14	0	10	11	" 7	11	5	6	0	12	11	" 9	6	7	4	0	
7	6	" 6	3	2	17	0	11	5	" 7	3	5	7	0	12	4	" 10	7	11	0	
9	6	" 6	0	3	6	0	12	4	" 7	9	5	12	0	12	11	" 10	2	7	14	0
8	7	" 7	0	3	10	0	11	5	" 9	0	6	0	13	1	" 9	11	8	7	0	
8	10	" 7	1	3	13	0	12	2	" 7	11	6	3	0	13	11	" 10	1	9	0	0
9	5	" 7	3	4	4	0	11	10	" 8	3	6	4	0	11	11	" 10	8	9	6	0
10	4	" 7	5	4	14	0	12	8	" 8	1	6	5	0	11	0	" 11	6	10	6	0
10	4	" 7	7	5	0	0	11	3	" 9	5	6	8	0	14	11	" 12	2	10	12	0
11	0	" 8	0	5	2	0	11	10	" 9	5	6	10	0	15	4	" 12	3	11	0	0
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*Photo. Russell.*  
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*Photo. J. & J. Smith.*  
**THE EARL OF ALDERNEY**  
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PROMINENT OFFICERS OF THE VOLUNTEER MOVEMENT.



THE CITY OF LONDON IMPERIAL VOLUNTEERS ON WIMBLEDON COMMON, JANUARY 6.

*Photo. Anson.*



SCENES IN NAAUWPOORT CAMP, WHICH GENERAL FRENCH USED AS HIS BASE UNTIL DECEMBER 7.

*From Photographs.*



THE ALARM ON DECEMBER 5: CAPE ARTILLERY READY FOR ACTION.



DE ANSPOR, AROUND THE CAMP.



PUMPING-SHED AND WELL IN A STATE OF DEFENCE.



No. 1 REDOUBT, NORTH CAMP.



## THE AFFAIR AT ENSLIN.

We give a picture from the able pencil of Private Parquharson, 2nd Seaforth Highlanders—whose Soudan sketches many will remember with interest—of Enslin, a small place on the railway at the northern extremity of the battlefield of Gras Pan. At that point a company of the Northampton's made a heroic defence on Dec. 7 against about nine hundred Boers. After blowing up the railway south of Enslin, the Boers cut the wires on both sides, a message having just got away to Modder River in the nick of time. From about five a.m. until about midday the Northampton's, under Captain Godley, held out against the enemy with their rifles until the 9th Lancers and a battery of artillery came to the rescue, followed later on by the Seaforth Highlanders, who were too late to get a parting shot. The Boers had a gun, which did not, apparently, do much damage. The Northampton's had eleven or twelve casualties.

## HIGHLANDS STATION.

From accounts sent home by correspondents who accompanied the force under General Buller when he relieved Estcourt, Highlands Station is known to have been looted by the Boers. The contents of the buildings were thrown outside, and the safe blown open with dynamite. The accompanying photographs show clearly the two buildings, the station and the station-master's house. Though only 130 miles from the coast, the line at this point reaches an elevation of 4953 ft. Two miles farther on, at an elevation of considerably over 5000 ft., it crosses the Mooi River heights and from there rapidly descends to Estcourt, distant from Highlands fifteen miles, and only 3833 ft. above sea-level. Five miles on the Durban side



ENSLIN, WHERE A COMPANY OF THE NORTHAMPTONS HEROICALLY WITHSTOOD NINE HUNDRED BOERS DURING THE BATTLE OF DECEMBER 7.

Facsimile of Sketch by Private J. Parquharson, "I" Company, 2nd Seaforth Highlanders

steps were necessary to enforce their Judgment. It says now, however, "There are ways not infallible, indeed, but often effectual, of stopping prosecution without its going to the formal veto, and we trust that no such resource will be neglected." The *Record* says that this "is an invitation to the Bishops to pretend not to exercise the

were the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, Professor Moule, the Rev. R. J. Campbell, and the Rev. A. Connell. An enthusiastic reception was given to Mr. Hofmeyr, of Cape Colony.

Mr. Walter Walsh is at work on a new history of the Oxford Movement. He has obtained access to a number of manuscripts relating to the early history of the Movement.

A speech by Professor Sanday to the Oxford University Branch of the English Church Union is reported in the *Church Union Gazette*. Dr. Sanday advised the branch to trust Professor Moberley, and to trust him down to the ground. He said that the average man of education wanted a reasonable and simple religion. That was the direction in which his own sympathies lay, but he was not prepared to say that it might not be had in the English Church Union. He knew some conspicuous instances of it.

I understand that Canon Gore has been asked to preach in Westminster Abbey on behalf of the Bible Society. This indicates a widening in the sympathies of this great organisation.

Arrangements are being made by the Divinity Professors at Cambridge for a course of lectures to the clergy from July 16 to July 28. Amongst others who have promised to give lectures are Professor Jebb, M.P., and the Rev. the Hon. E. Lytton.

Mr. J. R. Ellerman, the chairman of the Leyland Line, has conveyed, through Mr. Roper, to the Lord Mayor, an offer to take out 100 Volunteers in the *Armenian*, sailing from this side about Jan. 28. Mr. Ellerman will also supply the necessary bedding and provide for the victualling. The *Armenian* made her last trip in nineteen days.

It has been decided that any of the London and North Western Railway Company's staff who volunteer for active military service abroad, or belong to the Militia, and are required to serve, shall be allowed leave of absence; and, on termination of their active service, if they are physically and otherwise fit, they will be permitted to resume duty in as nearly as possible similar positions to those they now occupy. Those who are members of the superannuation and pension funds will be allowed to remain members of those funds until reinstated in the service at the termination of their active military service. The wives and families of such members of the staff will be entitled to privilege tickets during the absence of the husbands on military duty, on application through the Heads of departments under whom the men are employed.



HIGHLANDS STATION. FIFTEEN MILES FROM ESTCOURT, LOOTED BY THE BOERS.

of Highlands is Mooi River Station, where the force which eventually relieved Estcourt and attempted to force the passage of the Tugela River was mustered. The country between Mooi River and Estcourt contains some of the finest agricultural and stock-raising farms in the colony of Natal, and many of Natal's most successful men own property there. The Boer raiding parties which went through this district must have found ample loot in the shape of live-stock, as in addition to the large herds and flocks owned by Weenen County farmers, large numbers of oxen had been driven down for safety from the upper parts of the colony to this locality in the early stages of the war.

## ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The death is announced of General George Hutchinson, who was closely associated with the Church Missionary Society. For some time he filled the position of lay secretary with complete success, and even after his retirement he never ceased to give his best help to its work. General Hutchinson was a hero of the Indian Mutiny, and his devotion to the cause of foreign missions was almost lifelong.

One of the most modest and most accomplished among the clergy of the Church of England, the Rev. Whitwell Elwin, has passed away at a great age. Mr. Elwin, so long ago as 1854, succeeded Lockhart as editor of the *Quarterly Review*, and conducted it from his country vicarage at Boston for thirteen years. He made an admirable editor, and his own contributions on literary subjects were among the best articles he published; in fact, they are still looked upon as standpoints by the few serious literary students among us, and it is very much to be hoped that they will now be reprinted in accessible form. Mr. Elwin also commenced Mr. Murray's great edition of Pope, but retired from the task in disgust at Pope's moral character. The work was completed, as is well known, by Mr. Courthorne. The singularly retiring and modest character of Mr. Elwin kept him from the position which he might easily have won; but he was content in his seclusion, and maintained to the last his interest in literature.

It is difficult to make out the standpoint of the *Guardian* under its new editor. It was understood that the *Guardian* was to support the Archbishops in whatever

veto, but to contrive, nevertheless, to stop all prosecutions," and that there is now a determined attempt to repress the use of incense. But surely by the observance of common-sense unseemly conflicts in the Church of England can be avoided.

Much interest has been taken in the International Student Missionary Congress. Among the speakers

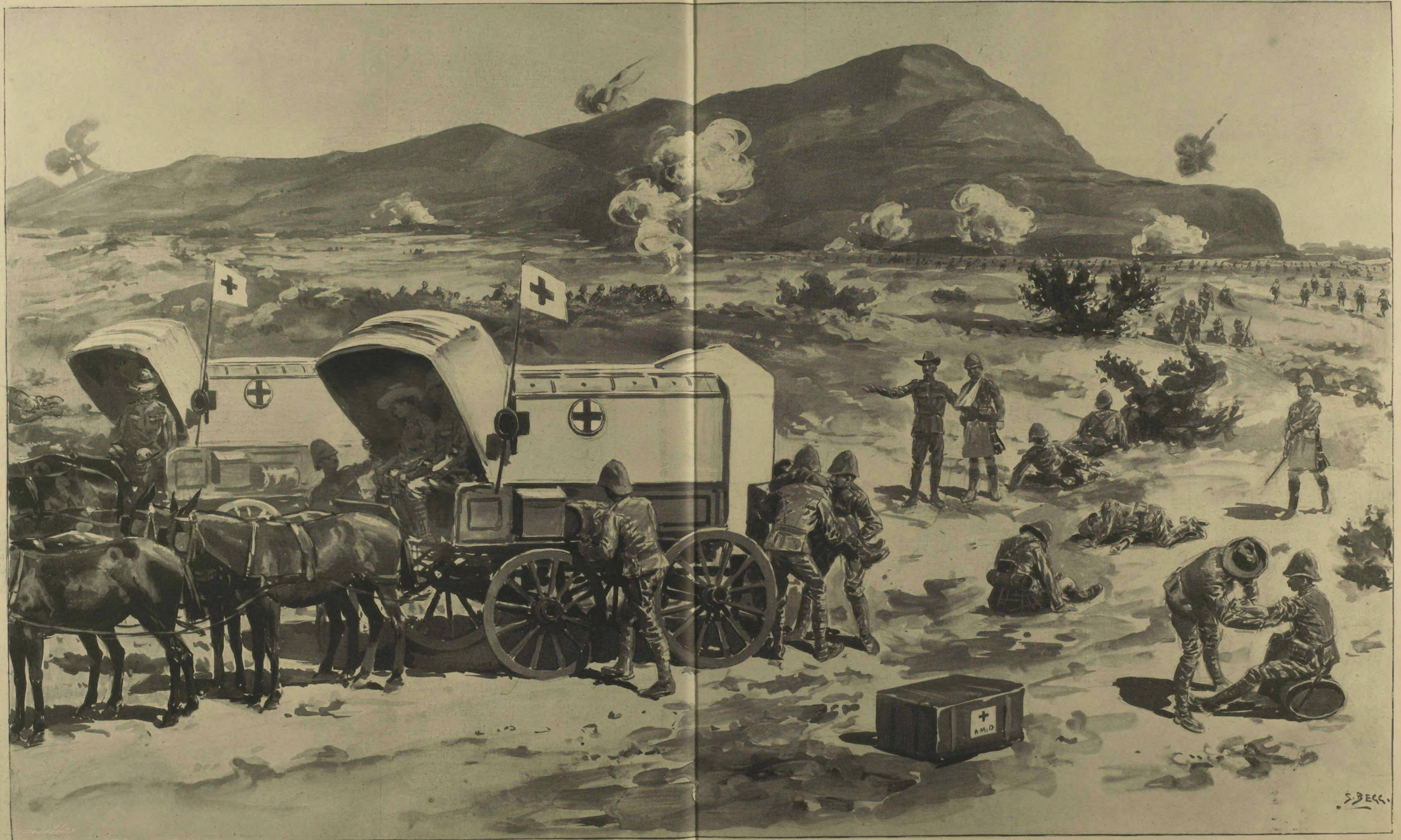


HIGHLANDS STATION: THE STATION-MASTER'S HOUSE.



Lyddite Shell.

The Spot where the Highland Brigade met with such Stubborn Resistance.



Ambulance Wagons, with Ten Mules to each Ambulance.

# THE BATTLE OF MAGERSFONTEIN ON DECEMBER 11.

From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. Fred. Villiers.

S. BECC.



# THE TRANSVAAL WAR: SCENES AT PIETERMARITZBURG.

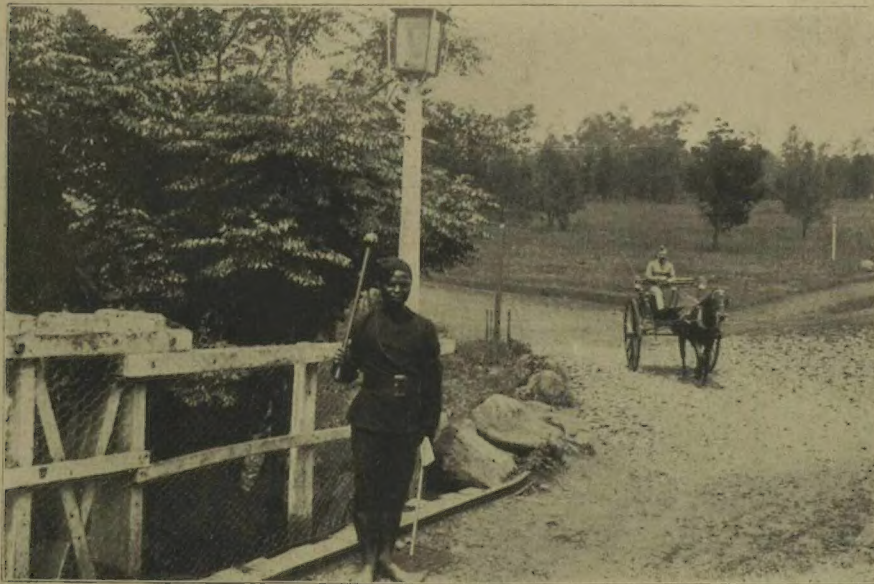
*Photographs by Major G. W. Brazier-Creagh, R.A.M.C.*



BIRDSEYE VIEW OF PIETERMARITZBURG FROM RAILWAY STATION.



BASE HOSPITAL AT PIETERMARITZBURG.



KAFFIR POLICEMAN ON GUARD.



COL. PASHA GALLWEY, R.A.M.C., COL. NOEL, R.E., THE LATE LIEUT. ROBERTS, R.E., AND MAJOR BAPTIE, R.A.M.C.





A WOUNDED OFFICER OF THE 7TH HUSSARS AND HIS FAITHFUL BEARER, GUNGA-DENE, AT PIETERMARITZBURG.



RAILWAY TRANSPORT STAFF AT PIETERMARITZBURG: MAJOR WELDON, MR. JOHNSTON (STATION-MASTER), AND ASSISTANTS.

#### PIETERMARITZBURG IN WAR TIME.

How the month of November was passed in Pietermaritzburg is made known to us by detailed letters and diaries sent home for private perusal and for publication. On the last Sunday of that memorable month General Buller attended service in St. Peter's Cathedral, together with Sir Alfred Milner. Afterwards they went into the Assembly Hospital, talking to this or that patient in particular, and generally approving of the arrangements made for the succour of the sick and wounded. An enthusiastic nurse, seeing that the General was about to depart in silence, ran to the steps, stamped her foot, and demanded a cheer—a regular week-day cheer—which was heartily given. "It is wonderful," writes one of the Pietermaritzburg diarists, "how his presence has raised all our spirits." Outside were the refugees—one girl of nineteen already a mother, with her husband a prisoner of the Boers, and an old couple whose orchard, representing the pride and toil of years, was left behind in the territory invaded by the Boers, and had suffered destruction. Crowds of such persons thronged the town, and in their interests was opened a cheap restaurant, where a good dinner is supplied for sixpence, and a breakfast or a tea for half that sum.

Scottish refugees seemed to be particularly numerous, including, of course, many miners of Dundee and their families; and the sanguine temperament was the prevalent one; for at the end of November there was a common belief that the return home to the evacuated territory would be made in time for the Christmas festivities. British refugees from the Transvaal grumbled to think that they might be kept in Pietermaritzburg a little longer.

Meanwhile all sorts of rules and regulations had to be enforced. Without a permit nobody might go out at night after eleven. The canteens were closed at eight—they are closed both by day and night in Boer territory during war-time. All "male strangers" had to enter their names

and addresses—and why not female ones? The sanitary arrangements needed close attention, and got it so thoroughly that during November Pietermaritzburg was free from any epidemic, though a good many men were

spies—"made strangers" who had not registered themselves—were brought in, great excitement prevailed, and of course it was a little girl who made the nice remark: "Mother, we shall all be in history." Notwithstanding these high hopes, in the light of which one Englishwoman is found writing—"It is so pleasant to be able to feel cheerful again"—good work was done in forming a little company of scouts from men who know every inch of the ground. Great expectations were formed of them.

Our illustrations vividly bring before us the state of affairs which has transformed Pietermaritzburg, the peaceful capital of the Garden Colony, into an armed camp. The bird's-eye view of the town from the railway-station emphasises the rural beauties of the place, but even this is not free from the suggestion of omnipresent militarism supplied in the present instance by the white rows of tents of the base hospital. A nearer view of the hospital is caught from the end of a charmingly wooded road. Surroundings so pleasant must, one fancies, be favourable to the sick and wounded; and from another illustration it is manifest that a wonderful degree of comfort is secured for wounded officers, who, it would seem, have not all to rough it under canvas. The photograph of a wounded officer of the 7th Hussars, with his faithful Indian bearer, recalls one of Kipling's most successful "Barrack-Room Ballads," for the bearer's name, given in our correspondent's notes as Gunga-dene, may reasonably enough—by its sound at least—remind us of "Gunga-din." A picture of the same officer convalescent says much for the skill of Colonel Pasha Gallwey, Principal Medical Officer of the Natal Field Force, and his assistants. A pathetic interest attaches to the group in which Colonel Gallwey appears from the fact that it contains the portrait of Lieutenant Roberts, Lord Roberts's gallant son, who fell at Colenso. Our other illustrations include portraits of the railway transport officers, and an interesting type of the Kaffir policeman



THE SAME OFFICER CONVALESCENT.

down with dysentery in the Camp Hospital. At the beginning of December Sir William Mac Cormac arrived, causing a little group of onlookers and hero-worshippers to linger round the Imperial Hotel. When two suspected



A TROOP OF THE 10TH HUSSARS WITH NORDENFELDT GUN.



THE TRANSVAAL WAR · AMBULANCE AND ARMAMENTS.



The Town Clerk      The Mayor      Dr. Louder,  
(Mr. R. R. Louthome)      (Alderman Hussey),      Officer in Charge.

VOLUNTEER AMBULANCE CORPS RAISED BY THE MAYOR OF SOUTHAMPTON.

Photo M. & Co.



ON THE WAY TO ARUNDEL: MACHINE-GUN TAKING UP ADVANCED POSITION WITHIN RANGE OF THE ENEMY.